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The Week

MR. COX takes the field against Mr. Harding upon a platform more liberal in some respects than the credo of the Republicans. For this we have the Resolutions Committee to thank, and not the delegates assembled in convention. For the delegates accepted their Committee's report without nullifying reservations. They did not cross a t nor dot an i. To be sure, there was some real debate on the floor of the San Francisco convention. And debate of any sort was lacking at Chicago. But the Democrats made no changes in the work of their Committee. They voted down all innovations. Mr. Bryan, of course, was hardest hit. His plea for bone-dry prohibition was one of the most determined efforts of a long and active life. "If you can't get alcohol enough to make you drunk," he demanded, "why do you want alcohol at all?" But the delegates weren't to be stampeded. All correspondents agree that Mr. Bryan scored a personal triumph. He received a twenty minute demonstration. But all five of his proffered planks were buried. It was a typical Bryan victory.

WHAT gives the Democratic platform a liberal outline is its comparison with the platform of the Republicans. And here the difference is largely a matter of two totally unrelated but important planks. The Democrats, like the Republicans, gave the League of Women Voters practically what it asked for, practically in the words in which it asked. But the Democrats have gone one step farther than the Republicans. They have been bold enough, where their competitors lacked boldness, to name specifically the governors of three states and call upon them to summon special sessions for ratification of the suffrage amendment. A second point in which the Democrats have outmatched the Republicans in their appeal for the votes of liberals, is in the party's declaration of its policy toward Mexico. Nowhere do the Democrats say specifically that under any and all circumstances they reject intervention. But they come closer to saying that than do the Republicans. They do not assail the policy of "futile written protests." They put less emphasis upon what they will do to "enforce" respect for flag and oil-field. They have, in our opinion, left in their platform a little larger space for Mexico and the Mexicans.

THESE planks on Mexico, woman suffrage, and women in industry are high points in the Democratic platform. On most other issues the program drawn in San Francisco is as nebulous as the program of the Republicans. The Democrats want development of a merchant marine; but whether by government or by private initiative they do not say; they simply specify "under proper legislation." They want the cost of living to come down; but they are as helpless about it as the Republicans are —except that they find one additional cause for our present difficulties: the inertia of a Republican Congress. They want tax reform; but they decline to state specifically that it is the excess profits tax they would repeal. They want the railways to run

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nicely; but, after praising their own federal administration of the roads, and assailing the Republicans, they come out for a brand of private ownership which is somehow to demand no subsidy. The Democrats trim as cautiously as the Republicans do. On one point particularly their trimming is even worse. That is in their plank on free speech. Free speech they support—but with reservations. And they actually undertake to defend the tactics of Messrs. Palmer and Burleson. "No utterance from any quarter has been assailed," they say, "and no publication has been repressed which has not been animated by treasonable purpose and directed against the nation's peace, order and security in time of war." That simply isn't true.

ON what the Democratic platform would say regarding labor, Mr. Gompers had staked considerable prestige. Having insisted upon a "nonpartisan" policy which must support one or the other of the two major parties, and having then energetically denounced the Republicans and all their works, it was clearly Mr. Gompers's hope to find in the Democratic platform something to cheer about. He is not immediately enthusiastic. Though the platform was adopted Friday evening, on Sunday Mr. Gompers asserted it was still "too early to say anything regarding the declarations of the convention which is still in session." Those declarations include certain satisfactory planks, such as the one defending labor's right of collective bargaining and "of speaking through representatives of their own selection." But there is nothing, for instance, about the use of the injunction, and nothing about repeal of the labor clauses which the A. F. of L. wanted struck from the Esch-Cummins law. "It might be worse; let's take it." Either Mr. Gompers will have to say something of that sort, or else describe his present nonpartisan program as a failure, even in its effect on campaign platforms. And in campaign platforms it is comparatively easy for anyone to make promises.

A plank in the Democratic platform which surprises nobody is that one dealing with the Treaty and the League of Nations. The Democrats want "immediate ratification of the Treaty without reservations which wouldimpair its essential integrity, but"—this doubtful concession was won by Senator Walsh—"do not oppose the acceptance of reservations making clearer or more specific the obligations of the United States to the League associates." From Paris one of the correspondents of the New York Times cables that "the League of Nations is dying of malnutrition and inattention." We can save it? "No rational man," said Mr. Balfour a week ago in London, "would suggest that it is the League's task to rescue the world from chaos. That is a task for the Supreme Council." The League dies, not so much because America stands outside of it, as because the ruling statesmen of Europe prefer the old method of the alliance. We should need delegates more canny than those we had at Versailles, and a public opinion supporting them more unitedly, to make the statesmen of Europe abandon their alliances in favor of the League. As matters stand in Europe now, it is to an offensive alliance and not a League of Nations that our support would be contributed.

FOUR hours difference in time, and a wire service out of San Francisco incomparable with the service from Chicago, made reporting the Democratic convention a difficult task for eastern newspapers. What some of these journals accomplished, despite all difficulties, is remarkable. Take the case of the New York Times. Unable to lease a direct wire to San Francisco, the Times succeeded in obtaining one from Vancouver to Montreal. To complete the circuit, telephone wires were leased from San Francisco to Vancouver and from Montreal to New York, and to these wires Morse instruments were attached. Over this improvised line the Times achieved exceptional results. It was 12:39 Friday morning in New York when Thursday evening's session started; yet the first edition of the Times, going to press at 12:45, carried a column and a half of news about the opening of the session. This instance is typical. The Times's reporting of the convention, particularly in its attention to detail, stands out as a feat in modern journalism.

TO the departure of Leonid Krassin for Moscow various interpretations are being given. The Soviet Minister of Trade and Commerce, in the opinion of some observers, has left London because his conferences with Lloyd George have brought him nowhere. He is going home because his mission is a failure. Perhaps that is true. The conferences in London, of unusual importance to all the world, have been as well protected from public scrutiny as were the councils of Versailles. There is, however, a second guess ventured in explanation of Krassin's return to Moscow, and this one assumes his mission has been a success and not a failure. Some of the London papers believe that Lloyd George has proposed a bargain covering something more than trade relations and something less than recognition, and that Krassin is obliged to go per-

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sonally to persuade his government to agree to various concessions. Which guess is right—patience for another month may tell us.

IF Krassin's return to Russia does in fact mean an end to negotiations, what alternatives remain? Either the Allies can follow a policy of watchful waiting, hoping for a new coup d'etat in Moscow and continuing meanwhile to deny medicines and hospital supplies to the many millions of Russian men and women who can in no way be held accomplices in the Soviet adventure; or they can try once again the tactics of intervention. Kolchak, Denikin and Yudenitch, to be sure, are no longer on the scene; and the Polish army, despite assistance from our own country, is apparently not to reach Moscow: "It is generally believed," says Mr. James in a cable to the Times, "that the Polish fight against the Bolsheviki is going worse than news dispatches are allowed to tell, and in that fact is much sadness for the French." Nevertheless, all hope of invading Russia is not dead. General Wrangel is still manipulating remnants of Denikin's army in the South, with reports of many thousands of prisoners taken. And in the North, Mr. Guchkoff, Minister of War and Navy under the Tsar, claims to have 60,000 well-armed men and a million marks ready to march on Moscow. A few successes in the field, and we are likely to begin hearing what a democrat Guchkoff has always been.

THE question of a Russian policy, said a dispatch to the New York World, was to have had the attention of the Premiers in the Inter-Allied conference held in Brussels. The Supreme Council was there to focus its intelligence upon "the whole Russian situation." That it may have done; but the results, if any, are not worth posting. There was another question to be discussed in the Brussels conference, and, because the French insisted, that question was given precedence over Russia. This was the old task of deciding how to collect an indemnity from Germany. Millerand's most recent estimate of the amount due France is 62,000,000,000 francs, on a pre-war standard, and four times that much, as francs are at present valued. The indemnity, particularly that part of it which goes to France, has always had precedence over other issues—Russia, for instance—in the councils of the Premiers. French insistence on that point is natural enough. But the indemnity will begin to flow only when Europe is at peace. And Europe will not be at peace so long as the Allies make war in Russia.

THE conference in Brussels failed not only to arrive at a Russian policy, but also to reach any agreement concerning the indemnity. The arrangement tentatively accepted awards 52 per cent of the total indemnity to France, 22 per cent to England, 8 per cent to Belgium (plus the amount guaranteed her separately under the Treaty), 5 per cent to Jugoslavia, and the remaining 13 per cent divided between Rumania, Portugal, Japan and Italy. With this division the French are apparently satisfied; but not the Italians. Instead of sharing 13 per cent with three other countries, the Italians ask 20 per cent for themselves alone. Their dissatisfaction prevented any agreement from being reached. But the Brussels conference, though it left the indemnity and Russia in mid-air, made one decision of importance: it will re-admit German representatives into the council of European statesmen. That represents substantial progress, even though Millerand has apparently insisted that all meetings with German delegates shall be preceeded by Allied meetings to determine what policy will be followed.

IN Mexico conferences between the Provisional Government and various petroleum interests have failed to bring an agreement. From the beginning of these conferences Mexico has been ready to agree to apply no retroactive interpretation of the Constitution regarding sub-soil rights in petroleum. But that has not been enough for the oil men. Discovering that they would readily be conceded all that they might fairly ask they at once demanded more. What they asked included nullification of all petroleum legislation based upon Article 27 of the Constitution, cancellation of seventy-five permits which the government had already granted for drilling operations on national lands, and abolition of the tonnage tax imposed by the Carranza régime. With such demands as the price of agreement, conferences in Mexico City came to grief.

DESPITE attacks from many quarters, and frequent prophecies of its collapse, the Farmers' Nonpartisan League again has been indorsed by the people of North Dakota. In the Republican primaries the entire state ticket of the League came through successfully. Simultaneous with this victory comes an announcement from the National Grange that it will have nothing to do with political organization. The farmers of the country, it believes, can work successfully through the two old parties. How successfully did they work through the Democrats, last week in San Francisco? Farmers represented by the American Farm Bureau Federation, by the Farmers' National Council, by the National Bureau of Farmers' Organizations, etc., asked for retention of "the highest rates of taxation levied during the war on estates, incomes, war and excess profits"; for "legislation to establish control of the meat-packing industry"; and for "gov-

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ernment ownership and democratic operation of the railways." None of these planks found its way into the Democratic platform.

THE decision to publish the report on the steel strike made for the Interchurch World Movement is most wholesome. The fact that it has been long in coming, the fact that its coming is associated with sensational rumors connecting it with the general debacle of the Interchurch Movement, should not obscure the main value of the report. That value lies in its being the first and the only unhurried, disinterested inquiry into one of the historic incidents of our time. We have not seen the report, and we do not know its findings. But we do know that it was made by highly competent men working under a committee of eminent churchmen.

Cox: Away From the White House

HAVING proclaimed the League of Nations and the record of the Wilson administration the transcendent issues of the campaign, the convention nominated a man as far removed as it was possible for any candidate to be both from the League and the record of the administration. Look over the list of possibilities, and find a man if you can so little identified with the League or the record. Mr. McAdoo was an exponent of the original Wilsonism; Mr. Palmer is identified with the outstanding features of the party's history more or less since the armistice; Mr. Davis is the representative of the administration at its most critical post; Mr. Marshall, whatever his personal reservations, is committed; Mr. Cummings is the beloved disciple; Mr. Owen has been an administration man most of the time; Mr. Glass was the President's spokesman. None of these was chosen. Governor Cox was chosen, and what is Governor Cox's experience? He has been a successful Governor, has had no part in the federal administration, has played no conspicuous part in the League controversy, is known nationally at the moment for just two things: that he seems to know how to carry Ohio, and that he is somewhat wet.

No doubt Governor Cox will have to stand on the platform provided for him. He will have difficulty in running on it. His experience has centered entirely on the politics of one state. Suddenly he finds himself projected as the exponent of a radically new foreign policy, involving intimate association with the most bewildering set of facts that confront the human mind. It will not be enough to "approve" the League; it will be necessary for Governor Cox to expound the main elements of the policy he proposes to pursue if by his election the people approve his platform. We venture to predict that Governor Cox will have to improvise such a policy in the next few weeks, unless he chooses to cut loose from the platform. For he has received a nomination on the basis of active participation in the present League of Nations. This means that if elected he will for four years guide American policy in the League. When he thinks over his plight he must feel a little as if he had been nominated for Prime Minister say of Armenia or Poland or any other country but the one he knows something about.

In one sense he will have less difficulty in adjusting himself to the domestic phase of the platform. As an honest man and a progressive, he will, of course, stutter when he comes to defend the complete defense of Palmer and Burleson and all that they signify. But for the future the convention has left him a fairly free hand. The authors of the platform were so exhausted by the delight of contemplating their own past, that they refrained wisely, considering that past, from any definite convictions about the future.

We do not know from Governor Cox's record where he will alight on domestic issues. As Governor he has not had, naturally, to deal with Mexico, with the railroad problem, with post-bellum finance, with the tariff, with the relation of the government to the great utilities and natural resources, or with federal intervention in labor disputes. Our own investigation of his work in Ohio leads us to believe that his convictions are unformed on these matters. The record, as we know it, after study that was by no means exhaustive, seems to reveal a man of good intentions and excellent sympathies, shrewd and competent in local affairs, but without particular grasp of national affairs. He has been a sound and progressive Governor; on the crucial question of civil liberty his record is splendid by contrast with that of his neighbor Governor Sproul of Pennsylvania. It remains to be seen what he can do.

He goes forth not especially equipped to deal with a situation of extraordinary intellectual complexity. His first problem is to adjust himself somehow to a platform that is alien to him, so that the words of the platform and the experience of the candidate shall not eat each other up. His next problem is to lift himself out of obscurity and confusion by some positive contribution of his own.

He is too good a politician not to know that if the whole issue is the Wilson administration, Mr. Harding will win in a walk. Mr. Harding will win because he is gradually defining a plausible alternative to progressivism. Mr. Harding stands for a kind of candid and unpretentious reaction

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that any one can respect, and that a great many people momentarily desire. The Wilson administration is such a mixture of high purpose and mean surrender that it repels the conservative and leaves most liberals cold. Governor Cox will find little guidance in his platform. Perhaps the bosses who nominated him intended that to be the case. Why else did that convention go as far away from the White House as it could to find a leader?

Hitting the Rafters

EVERY reader who is familiar with the brighter parts of the New York Tribune knows certain facts about F. P. A. and Briggs and Heywood Broun. Every such reader knows, for example, that Mr. Broun dislikes bunk, and that in Chicago and San Francisco, which he has lately visited, this dislike grew and waxed mighty on the food set before him. "Whenever a speaker faces an audience of more than a thousand persons," Mr. Broun says, "he becomes an orator. The ordinary language of our day is discarded for phrases that will hit the rafters. Curious gestures come into being. Nothing is casual, calm or reasoned." Mr. Broun evidently agrees with Pascal, who said sustained eloquence made him tired. L'éloquence continue ennuie.

How much time was spent on nominating and seconding speeches at Chicago? We have forgotten. At San Francisco it totted up to four or five stricken hours. The tediousness of such performances might be forgiven if they did any good. Most of them do not gain or even lose a vote. At a generous estimate one in ten of the orators may tell his hearers a thing or two that they wanted to know. Most of the orators are content to unload good old words in good old phrases. "That matchless leader of men, that militant Democrat, Senator Furnifold M: Simmons of North Carolina." But all Democrats are militant in Presidential years, all leaders are matchless, so what is the use? Did a single one of Mr. J. H. Bigelow's hearers think he was talking sense when he called Mr. A. Mitchell Palmer "Pennsylvania's finest product"? Probably not. Everybody knows Pennsylvania's finest product is steel.

We should be surprised, all of us, if one of our orators suddenly grew sick of the old stuff and took to declaring that his candidate had run a hundred in nine seconds flat, had made thirty-two home runs in one year, and measured eight feet six in his stockings. We should think our orator had gone crazy. But would these assertions be much remoter from reality than what we listen to, without marked impatience, every four years, when one of us is recommending another of us to the rest of us? Why do we Americans suffer our orators to bore us with this special cruelty? Other civilized nations are not afflicted in just this way. An English audience would be rude to a speaker who rolled and roared through his man-who-ing peroration until he reached his peerless leader's proper name. Ce chef unique et incomparable, ce chef hors de pair et sans égal—if they ended all their eulogies of one another in such words, could French politicians get away with it? In the last two years many arrant lies have been told about Soviet Russia, yet no liar, however accomplished, has gone so far as to accuse a single Bolshevik orator of perorating, after our American fashion, thus: Synok liubimy vsei Sovietskoi Rossii, cheloviek kotorovo nikto ne kommunisticheskyei, nikto ne stoprotsentnoprotivokapitalisticheskyei—Leon J. Trotsky. There are, after all, some kinds of outrages that a Bolshevik regime will not stand for.

It is not as if writing or speaking about a human being, in such a way as to interest other human beings in your subject, were an impossible feat. The thing has been done more than once. Take any of the well-known instances: "Not many days ago I saw at breakfast the notablest of all your Notabilities, Daniel Webster. He is a magnificent specimen: you might say to all the world, This is your Yankee Englishman, such Limbs *we* make in Yankeeland. As a Logic-fencer, Advocate, or Parliamentary Hercules, one would incline at first sight to back him against all the extant world. The tanned complexion, that amorphous crag-like face; the dull black eyes under their precipice of brows, like dull anthracite furnaces, needing only to be *blown;* the mastiff-mouth, accurately closed:—I have not traced as much of *silent Berserkir-rage,* that I remember of, in any other man." This, to be sure, is from a private letter, not written for publication, but even if he had been "facing an audience of more than a thousand persons", Carlyle would have drawn as exact a likeness, would have stuck as close to what his eyes saw and his mind had inferred. His words are not a eulogy in intention, they are a faithful report of things seen and things guessed at, but no eulogy could focus one's attention more sharply upon Webster. Even a eulogy can do the trick, if only the eulogist knows his business. Even at this late day who can read Fontenelle's eulogy of Vauban without feeling that a vote for Vauban, had the office he filled been elective, would have been a vote for the best man?

One of these Presidential years an American orator, unknown and at first unpopular, will kick over the traces. He will realize that American voters, in most of their political campaigns, have

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been shut up to a choice between two rather commonplace candidates. He will know why he prefers one commonplace candidate to the other. He will not talk as if his candidate were not a fallible human being. His most startling innovation will be his sincerity. He will not only believe every word he says: he will know how to say what he believes so as to make his hearers believe that he believes it. His speeches or hers, for this unconventional and innovating campaigner is as likely as not to be a woman, will at first seem rather tame. But little by little the campaign managers will discover that this speaker has a way not only of interesting her audiences, but of disposing them to agree with her. Her eulogy, when she does eulogize, will not smoothly iron every human lineament out of her candidate. Little by little she will change the public demand. She will make the ordinary campaigner seem to more and more voters as unreal as he now seems to Mr. Heywood Broun. May we live to see this day, for in this day will begin a necessary work of subversion and undermining, a revolt against bunk. Historians will describe this change in American taste for political speaking as The Fall of the House of Gusher.

The Anderson Decision

JUDGE George W. Anderson has rendered an opinion in the communist deportation cases which will stand out as one of the permanent landmarks in the history of human freedom. Temperate in its language, critical in its weighing of evidence, impersonal in its approach, Judge Anderson's opinion is nevertheless in its marshaling of indisputable facts the most deadly indictment which could be brought against the methods and policies of Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer. It is more than that. Judge Anderson has set down principles of jurisprudence and administration which, if they are accepted by American courts and executives, will establish civil and political rights in America upon a permanent and solid foundation.

Judge Anderson's approach to the cases, as revealed by the opinion he has rendered, is scrupulously judicial. It was not his function to try over again the cases of the twenty aliens who are seeking their freedom under the time honored writ of habeas corpus. The duty of trying them, under the statutes, falls on the Department of Labor. Judge Anderson's duty was to try the tryers —to see whether in their treatment of the aliens those fundamental notions of fairness and decency which we term due process of law had been observed.

His conclusion is that these notions of fairness and decency were not observed—that due process of law was flagrantly, repeatedly, and shamefully violated, and that for this denial of due process the twenty aliens were entitled to their release. He does not severely blame the Department of Labor, although it is apparent from his opinion that some officials at least of that Department were far from blameless. It was the Department of Justice however, under Mr. Palmer's guidance and control, which planned, engineered and accomplished the colossal conspiracy against constitutional rights which is now at last so thoroughly exposed.

Judge Anderson's narrative is detailed and convincing. The Socialist party, which had about 100,000 members, had split into several discordant factions. The right wing socialists, numbering about 25,000, remained in control of the party machinery; about 50,000 either seceded or were expelled, and became the Communist party; of the balance, perhaps half formed the Communist Labor party and the others dissolved or suffered further schisms. The unit of secession or expulsion was generally the "local", the individual members becoming automatically, and often without knowledge of what was happening, members of the new party. "The great mass of former socialists who had thus become alleged Communists had no real comprehension of any important or material change in their associations or in the political or economic purposes sought to be achieved by their negligibly weak organizations. Social educational purposes, and race sympathy rather than political agitation constituted the controlling motives with a large share of them. They joined the local Russian or Polish or Lithuanian Socialist or Communist Club, just as citizens join neighborhood clubs, social or religious or civic or fraternal."

The doctrines taught by these various off-shoots of the Socialist party were the traditional doctrines of Marxian socialism. They did not advocate bombing, assassination or destruction of property. They met openly, in halls, "not secretly, not in armories, not in laboratories where explosives might be compounded." They believed in "propaganda by words, not by deed." "No weapons of the cutting or exploding kind with which modern wars, insurrections, and revolutions are carried on," were found on their premises. They believed in fundamental industrial and social changes, to be attained through the general strike. "Practically all the propositions set forth in the present turgid, rhetorical Program are found in the Manifesto of 1847 of Marx and Engels."

A United States statute requires the deportation

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of aliens who are members of or affiliated with an organization that advocates or believes in "the overthrow by force or violence of the Government of the United States." Administration of the law is in the hands of the Department of Labor. Yet in the latter part of 1919 the Department of Justice, (which has rightfully nothing to do with the statute) promulgated an opinion that the Communist and Communist Labor parties did believe in and advocate the overthrow by force or violence of the government of the United States, and proceeded to put its views as to the law in effect.

On December 27, 1919, the chief of the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice in Washington sent a "strictly confidential" telegram to the head of his local bureau in Boston, informing him that January 2, 1920, had been fixed as the date for the wholesale arrest of all members of Communist or Communist Labor parties. The telegram directed that agents of the Department of Justice on that date should enter and thoroughly search the offices and private residences of members of these two parties. "I leave it entirely to your discretion," the telegram read, "as to the method by which you should gain access to such places." Search warrants were to be obtained only "if, due to the local conditions in your territory, you find that it is absolutely necessary" to obtain them. All literature, books, papers, correspondence, and "anything hanging on the walls" were to be gathered up. All aliens caught in the net were to be handed over to the Immigrant authorities. "If possible" the telegram suggests, "you should arrange with your under-cover informants to have meetings of the Communist party and Communist Labor party held on the night set. I have been informed by some of the bureau officers that such arrangements will be made."

Kellecher, the head of the Department of Justice bureau at Boston transmitted these instructions, in summarized form, to his local agents, adding, among other things, that the persons taken into custody were "not to be permitted to communicate with any outside person until after examination by this office and until permission is given by this office," and that "if a person claims American citizenship, he must produce documentary evidence of same, if native born, through birth records, if naturalized, through producing for agent copy of naturalization papers."

On January 2nd, from 300 to 500 men at a "moderate estimate," employed or temporarily enlisted by the Department of Justice, "generally without warrants," carried out these instructions in detail. All night long this governmental mob raided private houses, club rooms, offices, arresting everyone in sight, and herding them into "concentration points." Probably from 800 to 1,200 were arrested in New England. Where public meetings under the auspices of the Communist or Communist Labor parties were being held, the whole audience would frequently be gathered in. In Worcester, about 100 out of the audience at a public mass-meeting were rounded up and thrown into jail, and kept through all or a part of the night; yet by morning it had been discovered that as to all but sixteen of them there was not sufficient evidence to warrant further detention. In Lynn, thirty-nine persons, half of them citizens of the United States, had gathered in a hall to discuss the formation of a cooperative bakery. All thirty-nine were arrested, held in police cells overnight, and docketed as "suspects." Next morning thirty-eight of them were discharged for lack of evidence.

In all from one-third to a half of the prisoners were released, after detention in cells ranging from a few hours to two or three days, either because they were citizens, or for lack of evidence. The remainder, about 440 in number, were taken to Deer Island. Even at this time for over 100 of these prisoners no warrants had been issued by the Department of Labor. The searches, and the seizure of papers and other private belongings, were invariably conducted without the search warrants required under the Constitution.

Individual outrages were naturally frequent. A woman, with her thirteen year old daughter, was arrested, taken in a police wagon to the police station, and put in a cell. At midnight her daughter was turned out by the officials, to find her way alone to her home in a remote part of the city. Another woman was arrested at her home, while in bed, at six o'clock in the morning, forced to dress in her closet while the men waited in her room, taken to the police station, and there finally released when it was found that she was an American citizen. In Nashua five women were kept in a cell from Friday night to Saturday afternoon, without even a matress to lay upon.

On their way to Deer Island, "pains were taken to give spectacular publicity to the raid," and the arrested aliens, "in most instances perfectly quiet and harmless working people," were marched, two by two, in handcuffs, through the streets of Boston, while batteries of newspaper photographers were permitted and apparently encouraged to take their pictures. At Deer Island the aliens were held incommunicado for days, in cold, unsanitary, inadequate quarters. One alien committed suicide by dashing out his brains on the pavement below before the eyes of his fellow prisoners. Another

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went insane. Several others were driven "nearly, if not quite, to the verge of insanity." A regulation of the Department of Labor, of long standing, requiring aliens arrested for deportation to be at once apprised of their right to counsel, was amended two days before the raid so that the right to representation by counsel was denied until after the government agents had conducted a complete, and to them satisfactory, examination of the alien.

"The picture," says Judge Anderson, "of a non-English-speaking Russian peasant, arrested under circumstances such as described above, held for days in jail, then for weeks in the city prison at Deer Island; and then summoned for a so-called 'trial' before an inspector, assisted by the Department of Justice agent under stringent instructions emanating from the Department of Justice in Washington, to make every possible effort to obtain evidence of the alien's membership in one of the proscribed parties, is not a picture of a sober, dispassionate, due-process-of-law attempt to ascertain and report the true facts."

Yet so flimsy was the government's case against these aliens and so unreliable the information upon which the Department of Justice acted, that even of the 440 who were taken to Deer Island—themselves sifted and winnowed out of more than twice that number of arrests—more than half were in the course of time released on the ground that there was no evidence against them.

These facts, amply and powerfully corroborated by documents, admissions of government agents, and unquestionable testimony, constitute the record upon which Judge Anderson's conclusions are based. He concludes, first, that the Communist party does not believe in or advocate force or violence within the meaning of the deportation laws, and hence that the Departments of Justice and Labor committed an error of law in interpreting the statute to cover the party. As to all but four of the aliens he further concludes that they were not tried by the Department of Labor according to the due process of law guaranteed by the Constitution.

Within the scrupulously observed limits of his judicial office, the only action which Judge Anderson could take was to release from custody the twenty victims of the Department of Justice who were before the court. But from the trenchant opinion which he has rendered one cannot help drawing some further conclusions. The opinion discloses a wilful, concerted and persistent effort to subvert some of the most cherished guarantees of the Constitution, an effort all the more revolting because the victims were as a rule ignorant, uneducated aliens lacking in either the money or the influence to procure an adequate defense. Although his name is nowhere mentioned in the opinion, every one knows that the man who was the responsible head and guiding spirit of the Department which perpetrated the outrage was A. Mitchel Palmer, Attorney General of the United States. As to him, the matter should not end with Judge Anderson's decision. As soon as Congress re-convenes it should demonstrate that it is as courageous within its sphere as Judge Anderson is within his. Attorney-General Palmer should be impeached.

The Crux of European Disorder

IT is easy to find fault with the Conference at Spa for failing to make more substantial progress toward the redemption of Europe from chaos. It is easier to find fault with America for failing to intervene against the destructive cross purposes of a pacified Europe after her colossal enterprise of intervention in the Great War. But the task of easing off the strains consequent upon the most destructive of all wars and the most unworkable of all peace settlements is not an easy one.

We ought to think of Europe as analogous to a new continent raised above the surface of the waters by a geologic upheaval. What would be inevitable after such an event would be an era of subsidiary subsidences and upheavals, of seismic shocks felt to the ends of the earth. Just so the real forces in European life have been left in a state of tension and strain that produces and will continue to produce movements of readjustment accompanied by seismic shocks of which we in America shall be painfully aware in spite of the stable character of our own life.

The chief immediate object of European statesmanship is to get Germany back to work, under conditions that contribute in the fullest measure to the prosperity of her late enemies. All Europe is suffering from German disability. With Germany out of the market, Italy can not get the coal, the half manufactures and the machinery needed to rehabilitate her own industry. She is therefore losing priceless opportunities for establishing herself commercially in the world market, and unemployment and underemployment add enormously to the flood of unrest that threatens to engulf her existing institutions. Poland is in as great need of machinery and half manufactures. Czecho-Slovakia and Austria need German coal. France and Bel-

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gium need most of all to realize upon their indemnity claims to the relief of their national budgets. There can be no solution of the exchange problem until Germany again takes her place among the actively producing nations. That implies that there can be no return of European prosperity, and no security against the spread of revolutionary forces. And it is not propaganda but sober sense of which the German representatives avail themselves in asserting that in order to return to work, Germany must have the help of the Allies.

But all this is really too plain to dwell upon. It is impossible to believe that there can be any wide divergence of opinion among European statesmen as to what ought to be done. The German indemnity ought to be fixed at a sum that can be paid without excessive strain when Germany is again on her feet, and on the basis of German financial prospects left unmortgaged to the indemnity, Germany ought to be furnished credit to enable her to get on her feet promptly. But though both the Allied and the German statesmen must recognize these general principles, they can not be expected to get together on a working plan until many conferences have been held, with a thick web of diplomatic interchanges between. The weakness of the European statesmen is not intellectual or even moral, but political. Most European governments are standing on a quaking footing.

Weakest of all is the German government. It is based upon a coalition of parties far from harmonious among themselves, and together making up much less than a majority of the Reichstag. Fehrenbach governs merely because an effective coalition can not now be formed of the opposition parties. A minority conservative government may act with a certain degree of confidence if the greater part of the opposition is moderate. But the effect of the late elections was to thin out the moderates and multiply extremists in both camps. The existing government, then, is in no position to enter upon relations with the Allies involving give and take. It can take, but it dare not give, since any real concessions would serve the purposes of opposition propaganda.

But like its predecessor, the Fehrenbach government can capitalize its domestic weakness. The preceding government stood between Germany and the Reds. The present government stands between Germany and the Junkers and revolutionists. The Allies may try to exact onerous terms, but they must expect the German government to reject them, or set in motion another current toward the extreme left. The Allies, by their uncompromising attitude, destroyed the foundations under the moderate socialistic government. It is not reasonable to suppose that they will repeat the experiment with the only other moderate tendency in German politics.

The French and British governments are weak because they are not representative of current shades of opinion. In both cases the appeal to the electorate took place at a time when the war spirit disturbed the judgment of the electors. An acute French critic declared at the outset that the Chamber was still-born, and nothing has happened since to indicate that there is living force in it. The British parliament is likewise a product of war excitement and war weariness. The outcome of the by-elections has proved that very soon after the election the parliament ceased to represent anything. But it is the habit of British governments to keep close watch of public opinion and to rely more upon the backing of the country than upon the formal support that can be produced in parliament. If England sickened thoroughly of Lloyd George it would not require another election to get rid of him. One cannot say the same thing of Millerand. The French government—like our own, for that matter—rests upon its formal mandate, whatever may have happened in the way of new currents of public opinion. Millerand speaks for France only in a legalistic sense.

Within limits the British government can play a game of give and take. It can not play the game boldly, but only after a tactful preparation of the public mind to accept the better alternative. The French government, on the other hand, is limited very narrowly in the concessions it can make. Above all, it can not afford serious concessions in the matter of the indemnity, for such concessions would touch the pocketbook of the self-conscious bourgeoisie, the only political force upon which Millerand can rely.

Italy is relatively free to pursue a rational policy toward Germany. The Giolitti government does not depend for its existence upon the size or the distribution of the German indemnity. But Italian influence, everyone recognizes, is weak. England, France and Germany hold the acting parts; the rest of the nations represented in European conferences are little more than supernumeraries. And England, France and Germany cannot yet get together on a working plan. The German government dares not yield as far as Germany can yield and ought to yield. The French government can not concede as much as France can and ought to concede. And the British government, though perhaps inclined to a reasonable middle ground, does not command the means for compelling an agreement.

But if America were officially represented in the

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Supreme Council, could she not break the deadlock? That question can be answered by another: What would America be prepared to do? Supply good intentions and sage advice? They would not be appreciated. If America proposed to employ her financial power to restore European economic life, she could make conditions. But neither the Republicans nor the Democrats dare to come before the American people with a request for authority to employ American financial power in Europe—the one instrument of negotiations that would really count.

European equilibrium can not be immediately restored, but must await the result of a long series of readjustments of strain effected directly through the parties immediately concerned. America could make herself a party, and play a significant role in accelerating progress toward equilibrium, but only if she were willing to employ material forces and take risks. Let us not cajole ourselves with the idea that by merely signing the League covenant we could wield influence without risk or expense. Redeeming Europe from chaos , as Lloyd George has said, is work not for the League but for the Supreme Council. That Council has its all but fatal weaknesses, but at least it recognizes that real interests and preparation for real sacrifices alone give voting power.

Mr. Hearst and a Third Party

WHATEVER reasons there may be for organizing a new party this year are to be found in its educational results. No new party could hope to win this year, or could sincerely wish to win with a scratch organization and with the little preparation that could be had between July and November. The prospects of a new party are for the Congressional election of 1922 and the Presidential election of 1924. The only conceivable purpose this year would be to make a beginning and lay the foundations for winning the future confidence of a majority of Americans.

Upon this scene Mr. Hearst projects himself in a statement from San Francisco (June 29th). He begins by saying: "I cannot support any third party which does not have as its head a real democrat wholly opposed to the League of Nations." From stating the terms on which he will support the ticket, he proceeds a big step further towards control by announcing that "We (sic) must make our plans, therefore . . . . . etc." and proposes Senator Reed of Missouri.

There are thus two distinct phases of Mr. Hearst's participation.—The first is conditional support; the second leadership. Both are inconceivable to any group of men seriously proposing to offer the people of this country a new party worthy of their confidence. The opposition of Mr. Hearst to the League of Nations is wholly illiberal, wholly jingo, wholly reactionary. A liberal party which did not radically dissociate its criticism of the present treaty from the type of opposition represented by Reed and Hearst is headed straight for destruction. The Hearst foreign policy is sinister from top to bottom. It is based on a vendetta against England, a poisonous hatred of the Japanese, a greedy appetite for Mexico, and an appeal to the prejudice of the foreign born sympathizers in the great cities where the Hearst papers circulate. The Hearst foreign policy is insincere when it is not purely vindictive. It argues loudly for no foreign entanglements, but it insists upon intervention, even at the risk of war, in Ireland. There is no common ground of foreign policy on which a genuine liberal and Mr. Hearst can stand. Deep as are the differences between those liberals who support the present treaty and those who oppose it, they are wholly differences of practical judgment. There is no fundamental difference of aim, of desire, of purpose, or of sympathy. But between Mr. Hearst and all liberals there is an unbridgeable gulf.

At home, the leadership of Mr. Hearst is utterly intolerable, and would in practice prove entirely destructive. There are some excellent men working for Mr. Hearst. There are excellent measures which Mr. Hearst alone supports. There have been times when the influence of his papers has on some specific issue been extraordinarily useful. But Mr. Hearst as a political leader is unscrupulous and unprincipled. For him to talk about "principle" rather than "patronage" when he is the chief supporter of the execrable Thompson machine in Chicago and the silly Hylan machine in New York and the noisy Reed in Missouri is downright nonsense. Mr. Hearst is a political exploiter, all the more dangerous because he so often exploits the democratic impulse.

There is no way of making terms with Mr. Hearst. The only way is to disregard him wholly, let him follow or oppose as he chooses, and owe him no gratitude whatever. As for giving him a position of influence, the fact is that such a surrender would mean that the liberals would have to clean house before they could even think of seeking power. There is no way to start, supposing it is desirable to start, except to start clean. That means among other things to start clean of the whole complex of influences and appetites represented by Mr. Hearst.

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A Modern Instance

SITUATED at Middletown, Connecticut, there is an Episcopal seminary called the Berkeley Divinity School. It is a small institution whose faculty consists of six members, but it occupies a place of its own in the community of the Episcopal divinity schools in this country. More explicitly perhaps than any other school it has adjusted its teaching to the idea that a Christian minister needs to understand modern industrial and social problems and that the Christian religion provides a necessary clue to their solution. The Dean of the School, the Reverend Dr. William P. Ladd, and at least one of the faculty were members of the Church League for Industrial Democracy, an organization composed entirely of Episcopalians, but quite without official connection with the Episcopal Church, whose object was "to invite for intercession and labor those within our church who believe it an essential part of the church's function to make justice and love the controlling motive in all social conditions and who as Christians wish to promote all sound movements looking towards the democratization of industry and the socialization of life."

On account of the Dean's connection with the League and the hospitality afforded by the school to "radical" ideas and speakers, its behavior became the subject of unfavorable comment in Middletown and thereabouts. It was accused of being a "center of radical socialism". The hostile comment culminated in December of last year when, after an address delivered at the school by Mr. Wilfrid Humphries, it was further accused of being a "spawning place for Bolshevik propaganda." Mr. Humphries was one of the staff of the Y. M. C. A., who, when he returned from Russia, seeing that the newspapers were misinforming the American people about what was taking place in that country, delivered many addresses at schools and colleges in which he gave out of his own experience a less unfavorable account of Soviet Russia. The accusation of Bolshevism brought upon the school much injurious publicity and Dr. Ladd, for the purpose of quieting the agitation, asked for an investigation by a committee of the school's trustees. The committee have finally reported, after spending six months in making their investigation. The report will count as one of the classics of contemporary heresy-hunting in America. It is perhaps the most illuminating document to which the prevailing suspicion among educated and well-to-do people of unorthodox thinking in politics and economics has given birth.

Its authors have taken their responsibility seriously. They intended to conduct a discriminating investigation and to render a verdict on the facts. They "conclude" that Mr. Humphries "was not a Bolshevik propagandist"; but they are "satisfied that it would have been much better had the lecture not been given at Berkeley and that Humphries ought not to have been allowed to use the platform there." However, inasmuch as the same lecture had been given at Smith, Vassar, Simmons, Clark and other neighboring institutions "no apology is required for his appearance at Berkeley which should not be required at these other places where his lecture seems to have been received without dissent." Thus in respect to the Humphries lecture they exonerate the School from the charge of being "a spawning place for Bolshevik propaganda" but they chide its management for admitting to the platform of the school a speaker who was in the habit of addressing "radical groups" and whose lectures seem to have been "more or less of an apology for or even a defense of the Soviet government." They take for granted that a man who addressed "radical groups" or gave lectures which an unfriendly critic would interpret as an apology for the Soviet government should be disqualified from speaking to young men who were studying to be Christian clergymen.

On the whole, however, the committee are inclined to pooh-pooh the Humphries incident. It is merely one symptom of a general tendency towards "radicalism," which they consider baleful; and the chief object of the report is to expose and denounce this dangerous tendency. Their exposure and their admonitions are not indiscriminate. They find Dean Ladd's "Americanism is beyond question". They exonerate him and all members of his faculty from "approving of anything of a violent or revolutionary nature." They deny that "socialism in an advanced form" is taught in the school. Still they "fear that in one or two cases among the students advanced tendencies might have been promoted" and they "feel very strongly that in some unfortunate way, the school has received a reputation which hinders her progress and her influence." They attribute it to the fact that Dean Ladd once joined the Intercollegiate Socialist Society, that he was a member of the Committee of 48 and that he was connected with the Church League for Industrial Democracy. These connections have injured the school which in their opinion should give itself up to teaching "God's Word" and "that alone."

It is Dean Ladd's connection with the Church League for Industrial Democracy which gives the committee their richest opportunity to betray what they think about the relation between Christianity and industry. After quoting the object of the League in the words which we have reproduced above, they continue: "We are of the opinion that there can be no objection to such a platform from the stand-

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point of Christianity, so far as the application of the principles of the Gospel of Jesus Christ is involved. These principles hold the solution of industrial and social problems, if they could be freely and fully applied. In the present state of the public mind and from the standpoint of the citizen of the world, whether he calls himself a Christian or not, we think it unwise, however, for the members of the faculty of the Berkeley Divinity School to associate themselves with this and other similar organizations." This is the frankest confession which we have yet seen of the unabashed worldliness with which so many nominal Christians greet any proposal to apply Christian ethics to modern society. This committee of Christian gentlemen assert grudgingly that the principles of the Gospel "freely and fully applied" "hold the solution of industrial and social problems." Yet they scold a Christian clergyman for the offense of seeking some means to apply Christianity freely and fully to modern society. They actually consider him blameworthy for acting on his religious convictions instead of yielding to the "present state of the public mind." The next Church conference which discusses why Christianity is losing its hold upon the popular imagination should closely consider this artless revelation. How can any religion hope to inspire liberating conviction among its followers when its laymen can with impunity chide a priest for acting on what they admit to be the principles of the Gospel instead of those of a "citizen of the world"?

The most extraordinary aspect of this exposure is the complete unconsciousness on the part of the committee of their own infidelity. In admonishing Dr. Ladd for joining an organization whose principles if "fully and freely applied" would, according to their own assertion, "hold the solution of modern industrial and social problems," they are frankly obeying the orders of a worldly mob. The only public which they know, condemns as disreputable all "radicalism"—that is all opinions about social and political questions which are not orthodox. The majority of well-to-do and educated people will not send their sons and daughters to a school to which any taint of "radicalism" was attached. As trustees of the school it was their duty, as they conceived it, not to protect the school against an ignorant and silly prejudice, but to protect the prejudice from the possibility of being undermined by the educational work of the school. Their report is an attempt to act on this sense of obligation. They not only admonish Dr. Ladd but they propose in the future to exercise a more effective supervision over the conduct of the school by its faculty. They propose to represent the world and the public state of mind in the counsels of an institution which is supposed to teach "God's Word" and "that alone."

If they succeed, they will fasten an indelible disgrace on the Episcopal Church in the United States. Now that the benighted men have raised the issue, American Episcopalianism cannot decently allow the Berkeley School to be delivered into the hands of "citizens of the world." As Dr. Ladd says: "If the Dean were to attempt to administer the school with one eye on the general public and the other on the trustees, if he were, out of regard for a supposed state of the public mind and the opinion of the non-Christian citizens of the world, to withdraw from a society which is trying to make justice and love the controlling motive in all social conditions and if the faculty were to surrender their independence of action and influence... the Berkeley Divinity School would not be long in losing the confidence of the Church." Yet if the school is to be saved, it will need generous support from the friends of industrial democracy and freedom of teaching within the Episcopal Church. According to Dr. Ladd it is "desperately in need of money and the trustees and others have repeatedly said that no money will be forthcoming as long as its present policy continues." Its policy will continue. Dr. Ladd will let it die rather than permit it to live as the teacher of a version of "God's Word" whose application is determined by a "public state of mind." But should it die, what conclusion will the enemies of Christianity draw? If, as the trustees declare, the principle of the Gospel "fully and freely applied" holds a solution of industrial and social problems and if a Christian clergyman is placed under the ban for trying to apply fully and freely Christian ethics to these problems, it is surely hard to avoid one disagreeable inference. The Church which permits such a thing to happen is controlled by people who do not want Christian principles fully and freely applied to social and industrial problems.

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San Francisco

THE Republicans by the character of the platform and nominee they selected at Chicago threw open for the Democrats a door which everyone had believed closed. Whereupon the Democrats assembled in San Francisco, and after due deliberation, slammed the door in their own faces and locked it shut. That is to say, the party, professing a keen realization of its sudden opportunity, proceeded with an act of profound wisdom to destroy its own opportunity, for no reason which anyone could discover save the inadequacy of its own collective intelligence.

The delegates began in terms of Jefferson, went on to terms of Wilson and ended in terms of Boss Tweed or Charlie Murphy. The dominant motive was "anything to win," and the convention interpreted "anything" as meaning "nothing." On every point where a bold stand might have lost some votes, the convention pussyfooted. That such a policy would cost even more votes in the long run, no one seemed to believe. If there is one instance in the whole platform where truth was not sacrificed to political expediency, I am unaware of it and in my judgment the platform committee is equally unaware of it or it would have been stricken out.

True, the platform is a liberal document—more liberal than the Republican instrument. But it should have been apparent to everyone who averages better than high grade moron that a mere plurality of liberalism in the Democratic platform this year can never wrest victory from the Republicans. A platform which endorses the League and the Treaty as though nothing had happened since June, 1919, which ignores Russia altogether, which defends free speech and a free press with such faint praise as to constitute an endorsement of all Mr. Palmer has done, which pussyfoots on Ireland and pussyfoots on labor, which has only praise for Burleson, which does not dare mention prohibition, and which leaves the great problem of Russia untouched—such a document cannot cause the flaming enthusiasm among liberals which could alone have made a Democratic victory possible this year. Unless one is able to believe, as I am not, that the new third party which is being formed in Chicago will be able to win this year, one is forced to the belief that the forces which are seeking a restoration of genuinely Democratic conditions in America are balked, so far as political action is concerned until 1924.

The simple and obvious explanation of the convention is to say that it was the victim of the administration's steam roller. I believe this is as false as such simple explanations usually are. The notion that serried ranks of Wilson office holders came to San Francisco and ordered the party to commit suicide, is too naive to stand inspection. The administration had no candidate for President, it had no domestic policies to offer, its only demand in the field of international policy was for that unqualified endorsement of Wilson which was so easily secured. No, the convention was dominated by the administration because it chose to be so dominated. The group of politicians who were in control deliberately decided that the people of this country are not intelligent enough to realize the deficiencies of the administration, and since the inimical attitude of the Republicans made support of the League practically imperative, under the theory of hostilities on which the two-party system is founded, they decided that they might as well swallow hook, line and sinker. But the politicians who dominated at San Francisco belong to an era in the Democratic party which far antedates Woodrow Wilson. Some of them, it is true, have come into prominence since he took command, but their ideas are the old ideas. The Democratic party of today has largely forgotten the new social vision of which it caught such inspiring glimpses at Baltimore and St. Louis. Just as the progressive impulse which Roosevelt brought into the Republican party in the first four years of the century has now died out, leaving control in the hands of men who learn nothing and forget nothing, so the Wilsonism of the pre-war period seems to have vanished from the Democratic councils. It remains in the party phraseology, which is produced by men who realize the advertising value of continuity of impression, but no one could sit in the convention hall for seven weary days without coming to a belief that the party's liberalism is either liberalism in terms of yesterday, or mere lip service. This was not merely true in the skilfully packed committees which did the real work up to the time when the ballotting for candidates began, it was true of the rank and file themselves. Incorrigibly optimistic about the outlook for success this year, incurably timid about any innovation which might break with tradition or alarm the most easily frightened conservative Democrat, the delegates voted down everything which smelled peculiar and did so with a sanctified and triumphant enthusiasm. If there was a rubber stamp upon the convention, it was not Wilson's.

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The liberalism which the President once possessed was never entirely understood by his followers, and they now comfort themselves with the assumption that, "the war having changed everything," it is no longer necessary to pay allegiance to his lofty notions, save insofar as such allegiance serves an obvious party purpose.

The strictly pragmatic view of things taken by the convention accounts for the fact that only one man who appeared on the platform made any impression of sincerity. That man, mirabile dictu, was W. J. Bryan. Bryan's oratory was suckled in a style as outworn as the others, but he was at least willing to throw away personal advantage, party advantage, to champion a cause which had no merit, even in his own eyes, save that of being right. When a country gets into a frame of mind where it smiles indulgently at such a man, it is in a bad way, and the convention smiled indulgently at Mr. Bryan, though it gave him the usual fervid demonstration—begun in irony and ended in hysteria, as these things often are. The tactics of the convention were simple, every possible evil thing was declared to be the fault of the Republican Congress. Every other evil thing was declared, with adjectives and adverbs, to be non-existent. If it was an evil for which the administration is obviously and directly responsible, it was declared to be (a) nonexistent and (b) a great achievement, pricelessly valuable to the nation. It was in this frame of mind that the convention managed to endorse Mr. Burleson, (though it had to go back to the parcels post to find something creditable in the Department), to make a purely perfunctory declaration for free speech, to ignore domestic currency inflation as a cause of high living costs. After that the platform needed only to endorse Santa Claus and to deny the rumor that babies are not brought by storks, to be complete. The party made a great flourish over the fact that women had been made equal partners in this convention, but if that circumstance had any practical effect for good it was not discernible. One received an impression that the women delegates were of somewhat higher type and better intelligence than their confreres—not, indeed, a notably difficult achievement, but the women were too new at the business to halt the steam roller, even had they desired, and they gave no evidence of so desiring. They divided their votes among the candidates about as the men did, they voted down the really useful and interesting ideas in the minority report of the platform committee, in their own caucuses they split into liberal and conservative camps as did the men.

The National League of Women Voters presented to the convention a mild and harmless program of welfare legislation, most of which was adopted, but there is no evidence that the woman vote forced it through. On the whole this convention by its acts confirmed the first impression one received from looking at the massed lump of delegates. It was conducted by essentially genial and kindly men rendered stupid by environment rather than congenital deficiency. They played in mechanical fashion an outworn political game, perhaps dimly realizing that the new day demands new rules, but unable to bring themselves to act in conformity with that conviction, believing—and who knows whether they are not right?—that the American people may be gulled yet once more by the old cries. It is a gloomy spectacle, no wonder that the outstanding figure at the convention was Irvin Cobb, a professional humorist. The public needs cheering at such a time. Possibly a decisive defeat at the polls next November may awaken the Democrats to the enormity of their error at San Francisco, but I doubt it. The party needs a new birth as completely as the Republican party does, and seems no more likely to get one.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

San Francisco, July 5th.

Walls Against Eden

Now Adam, dazzled, ill at ease,
Inspects the copper-colored skies;
Ringed with the roar of strange machineries,
He thinks of Paradise.

Yes, this is better. Here, at least,
Is speed and vigor, not the old
Languor of Eden and the lukewarm beast—
Here life is hot and cold!

Released for action, Adam is
God in these swift complexities;
He laughs and leaps from cliff to precipice,
Lurches through toppling seas.

New grain is always his to thresh,
Through him all energy is hurled;
He rides triumphant on the tides of flesh,
Pride of a gaping world.

Yet Adam, hero of all he sees,
Remains untamed, unreconciled
And, in the midst of swaggering victories,
Turns like a wayward child.

Hungers for all he spurned, and shrinks
From clamor and the applauding cries;
Lost in a storm of dreams, he sinks,
Remembering Paradise.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

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On Being a Stockholder

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS, that .... the undersigned, Stockholder in the..... Company, do hereby appoint James Smith, Henry Taylor, and Robert Robinson, true and lawful attorneys, to vote at the meeting of the stockholders of said Company, to be held at ..... on the .... day of ....., 1920.

WHY do we view these frequently arriving proxies with distaste? Partly, no doubt, because signing them means another detail in a world composed (metaphorically) of "this eternal buttoning and unbuttoning." And the truly virtuous dare not resort to the solution of the waste-basket, for the tiresome forms often come with return stamps which worry the conscience.

But the worry goes deeper than a matter of stamps. Forms with no reality behind them are the bane of honest living; what reality does this stream of proxies connote? . . . The average stockholder, having signed them, knows that in due time he will receive a paper slip, and that on the strength of such slips, he can send out similar slips in recognition of the fact that he has been supplied with food, fuel, and other conveniences. I love my slips; but why I should receive them, I have never discovered. However, I welcome them with gratitude, easily satisfied with consolatory reflections about "abstinence." I put out of my mind the haunting remark of Matthew Arnold, that if we search ourselves about property rights we shall find that we have no "rights," only duties. Yet every now and then, questions bother me. Let me cling to my conventional "rights" with the rest of the world,—but how about the "duties"? . . . I hear the grim voice of Carlyle, remarking that the situation without a duty has never yet been experienced. . . . Being a stockholder is an agreeable, but also a passive occupation. In these days of efficiency, we are much discouraged from passivity. How should one set about being an efficient stockholder?

The most immediate answer would seem to be given by these irritating proxies. For they mean that we have something to do besides receiving checks; they recognize our responsibility for the conduct of the business which yields the profits. Apparently, if I may trust pleas sometimes enclosed for return, if nobody signed, the enterprise would stop: the railroads wouldn't run, the wheels of industry would pause, . . . it might be worse than a strike! . . . Nominally and legally shareholders own a business and control it. But how nominal the theory is!

That is really why I hate to sign proxies. Because I am endorsing action about which I often know nothing at all. And I wonder if this is moral.

Certainly, however, I have no especial desire to know anything. I should be quite incapable of running, say a jute-factory or an electric-power company. It is most kind of the directors (conveniently self-perpetuating), to take all that trouble off my hands and to send me those nice checks. There is ground for reasonable confidence that they make them as large as they can. I am sure they have my "interests" at heart; they are always telling me so.

Why then should proxies worry us? For the singular pronoun might as well be dropped at this point. Many people are getting worried today, especially people in the churches.

Intermittently, but more and more frequently the churches are instructing us that we must not rest till the intricate net-work of our lives is redeemed to righteousness. Many decent folk agree with this idea and an obscure distress stirs in them when they realize how little they know concerning the sources of their income.

Edward Carpenter pointed out the difficulty years ago in England's Ideal.

> The interest of his money comes to him he knows not whence; it is wrung from the labor of some one—he knows not whom. His capital is in the hands of railroad companies, and his dividends are gained in due season—but how? He dares not inquire. What have companies, what have directors and secretaries, to do with the question whether justice is done the workman? And when did a shareholder ever rise up and contend that dividends ought to be less and wages more?

Yet so long as we draw our dividends automatically, we assume the full responsibilities of knowledge. We become partisans: we endorse certain definite policies.

Those policies are, of course, likely to be the policies of those in possession. They will be on the side of our own advantage; and we therefore find ourselves in a position intolerable to any courteous or chivalric soul. For if there is one thing which we crave now-a-days it is to be sure that we are disinterested in our attitude toward fiercely debated issues. We can not endure the suspicion that we are dominated by a class-psychology. It is an insult if any one suspect us of being so dominated. To confess the suspicion justified would give the case away to the Adversary,—to the economic determinist. We might as well turn Marxian and be done with it.

Perplexity about the morals of dividend-drawing is one phase of the challenge flung to us by the social struggle. Little groups of stockholders gather here and there to discuss it; they shrink from feeling that the waters of wealth which flow their way may be streaked with dirt or blood. The proletariat may view with scorn these scruples of an apologetic bourgeoisie; nevertheless, they exist, they increase.

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Those troubled in this way are not as a rule the radicals, (who are to be found even among the bourgeoisie). Your radical has a comparatively easy time of it in his conscience. Convinced that the capitalistic system is vicious, he is troubled by no vexing attempts to discriminate. If of heroic mould, he may refuse to profit by rent or interest and betake him à la Tolstoi to manual labor. More often, however, he shrugs his shoulders, and saws away at the branch of the tree he sits on, cheerily whistling the Internationale, but holding his seat securely though indefinitely. The liberals are the people concerned over the ethics of dividend-drawing. They have no abstract quarrel with Interest, but they want to be sure that what comes their way has no taint of exploitation or corruption.

But when they begin to think, they too often find themselves peering into an impasse. It is the small investors, always referred to as the bulwark of The System, who are especially in trouble, for they have no means of securing information. The first impulse may be to sell everything questionable. But such action might mean clearing out one's whole property, not to speak of the fact that shifting responsibility only alleviates compunction. . . . An old-fashioned socialist suggests exclusive investment in government bonds: wherewith he is reminded of the multiplying situations where the government uses main forte to suppress possibly justifiable strikes. . . . Industrials are usually questionable; and how is the ignorant idealist to feel security about the handling of railroads? . . . These suspicions of indirect complicity with wrong which torment and debase the spirit, are not easily overcome.

Still to bring them out into the open is a first step; and already constructive suggestions are in the air.

At a meeting held lately in Boston to consider The Christian Approach to Investments, an entertaining suggestion in re proxies came from the audience. By the counsel of her rector, said the speaker, (a clever man, that rector), she prefaces her signature by a statement instructing her representative to have primary regard, not to the protection of her dividends, but to the welfare of the workers. The simple idea "took," and people are already carrying it out. If it proved sufficiently contagious, it might in time gain substantial value. It both consoles and educates the conscience; and little movements with moral originality to them sometimes have surprisingly far-reaching effects. The attempt made by Mr. Cabot of Boston to ascertain the feeling of Steel shareholders has never been forgotten.

However, no important practical result would be likely to follow from a lone person here and there, indulging in such erratic procedure. More significant lines of influence are planned. In both England and America, Stockholders' Associations of a new type are forming. Here is the prospectus of the English Association:

> We, the undersigned, being shareholders or beneficiaries through shares in companies, wish to state publicly that we are convinced that the claims of the workers to wages making it possible for them to live a full and free life, come before the claims of shareholders to dividends.
>
> We will, therefore, support such a reorganization of the present industrial system, as shall bring about the highest good of the workers and the best interests of the community, and are prepared to accept whatever personal loss shall arise through such reorganization.

The American formula is similar:

> We, the undersigned, in view of our responsibility as stockholders, feel compelled to state our conviction:
>
> 1) That the first charge on the industry should be the adequate and honorable compensation of those engaged in it.
>
> 2) That the ultimate control in industry should pass from the owners of capital to those who work by hand or brain.

Interesting statements. But is not their animus needlessly radical? Some provision should be made for the people who want to moralize existing industrial relations, but have no desire to destroy them. Such people would gladly subscribe to the first article in both statements, but they would repudiate the second.

One last possibility to be suggested might meet their needs: a White List of Investments. Information is honestly wanted by prospective investors on other matters than the size and security of dividends. Banks might furnish it if they liked. Their bond departments issue lists of "sound" investments. Why could they not add items on ethical status and human quality? . . . At present, men in the bond department are amusingly stumped when questions in this line are put to them; but they might get used to it, as department stores got used to inquiries about the Consumers' League Label.

The vision of banks giving this kind of information, however, lacks actuality. Special Commissions should do the work. The social service commissions of the churches would be an appropriate agency. They would not themselves be competent to carry on the necessary investigations, but they could command the services of experts. Here would be an admirable undertaking for the Interchurch movement,—more fundamental than most of its proposed activities.

The list proposed would be difficult to draw up, it would be fallible, it would need constant revision. But why would it not be just as practicable as many other forms of predigested information? It should

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include facts useful to persons of diverse preferences in their morals. It should mention welfare work; it should tell the attitude toward such matters as collective bargaining, the open shop, the minimum wage, and it should of course exclude all enterprises suspected of evading the law or of employing "agents provocateurs." It should indicate companies (they are shy of talking) which are trying advance experiments in industrial democracy. In such a list, every investor could find what he wants. Your mildly pink person would hesitate about unlisted securities for fear lest some obvious atrocity like child-labor deface them. Your true-red Bolshevist,—who occasionally draws dividends —would scarcely be interested at all; but your straight liberal should consult the list at every turn.

. . . It is not hard to see why proxies have lost their point. The reason is the modern habit of delegating everything that can be delegated to somebody else. We are past masters in that art, we Americans; we delegate religion to the churches, education to the schools, charity to boards and institutions,—and we make no exception of our business interests. But in the last analysis, nothing which involves a moral element can be delegated. The field of morals is the field of democracy. As to what is efficient in business and industry, the average stockholder must rely on specialists; but as to what is just, what is honest, what is kind, he has capacity and responsibility for decision. The temptation is sharp to cultivate that ignorance which is bliss; but it is our plain duty to get information, to know what we want, and as part owners of the property to express our convictions. If we fail to do so, we sin. And incidentally,—since there are many people besides stockholders in the world—if we continue to sign proxies automatically, with no attention to what they may connote in human life, we shall have only ourselves to thank for possible consequences.

VIDA D. SCUDDER.

More Acid Test

THE hypocrisy of our behavior toward Russia continues and apparently gives general satisfaction. Mr. Bainbridge Colby's official interference with the A. F. of L. to dissuade that body from suggesting a change of policy contained these monumental words:

> The present Russian government repudiates every principle of harmonious and trustful relations, whether of nations or of individuals, and is based upon the negation of honor and good faith and every usage and convention underlying the structure of international law.

As far as I know there is not the slighest foundation for this rhetoric about good faith, and it comes ill from a government that has double-crossed the Moscow government at every turn. Perhaps Mr. Colby knows an instance. I can think of none, unless Brest-Litovsk is counted, and that is too childish a charge to go into now. The Bolsheviks do lie about one thing, and I think only one, as a regular practice. They exaggerate consistently the labor disturbances in other countries. Meantime, how about us? Are we not doing our bit for the negation of honor and good faith? Let us take only a few examples:

1. Ambassador Francis and other officials make up to the Bolshevik government, give it every reason to believe we wish to make an arrangement with it, and then take part in blackening it.

2. We spread broadcast the forged and ridiculous Sisson documents.

3. We waste a lot of ink complaining of the lack of democracy in the Communist rule. Axventiev's government was a strikingly democratic one, and immediately after it was upset by force we practically recognized the military dictator who took its place. We would have recognized any successful conservative general, from Kornilov on, had he been successful and gone through a few meaningless motions.

4. We back the Nansen proposal. Tchicherin replies. That reply is now made available in the valuable collection of documents put out by the League of Free Nations Association. It was suppressed by our government which instead published an alleged digest of what was in it. I defy any honest person to read the original and our official statement about it without a blush of shame.

5. We backed the Prinkipo proposal. When we did that, was the Bolshevik government full of all these things Mr. Colby's vocabulary now tells us about? If so, why did we back the proposal? Moreover when the Bolsheviks accepted and the other factions refused who was it that spread the story that the Bolsheviks had refused?

6. We sent the Bullitt commission. Were the Bolsheviks too bad to deal with then? Did we tell the truth when we encouraged the impression that Lenin had given a disingenuous answer?

Those illustrations will suffice, although some dishonest piece of propaganda is put out nearly every week. Why not be candid about it? The situation is perfectly simple. The President will not act without the Supreme Council, otherwise France, and the bureacracy in the State Department honestly believes that all stories told against the Moscow government add to their usefulness and respectability. Is anything more respectable than to tell stories about a government that does

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not allow private property? I happen to believe in private property also, but not in that method of making the world safe for it.

As this is written, before the San Francisco nomination, I expect to support the Democratic ticket, but there is one thing in America that interests me much more than either party, and that is a return to our normal percentage of truth. I suggest as good topics for editorials in the Times and the Tribune the following texts:

1. The Manchester Guardian says that the gold in the possession of the Moscow government is tainted if used to buy supplies needed by the Russian people but pure if used to pay bonds held by French investors for money that helped to strengthen a Tsarist government.

2. Mr. Henry P. Davison's description of the suffering in various parts of Eastern Europe is well known. Demonstrate that in those countries the suffering is the result of war, whereas similar conditions in Russia are the result of unsound political theories not lived up to.

3. General Smuts says that the big Powers are determined that the League of Nations shall not function and he gives the Polish attack on Russia as an example. Demonstrate that Smuts is either (a) a Bolshevik or (b) a fool.

4. Krassin has told the Jewish Forward that there are in the possession of the Bolshevik government 9,000,000,000 pounds of platinum. Show this statement is unimportant and probably false.

5. The Matin has recently published documents proving that when the Entente was full of talk about allowing the Russians to choose their own form of government Clemenceau was instructing d'Esperey that French official policy was to use the encirclement of Russia to destroy the Bolshevik government. Show the consistency here.

6. A special dispatch to the New York Evening Post says that our Treasury Department holds $58,000,000 of Polish bonds and points out that if we do not send Poland more supplies she may be beaten in the war against Russia. Write one column of sarcasm showing the justice of our policy; also its wisdom; but above all its respectability.

NORMAN HAPGOOD.

The Tragedy of Mark Twain

NOT many years ago tens of thousands of Americans were working through the volumes of Jean Christophe, hoping, perhaps naively, to come to an understanding of the process by which the forces of natural genius are focussed to the creation of a great artist. But for Americans there was a more relevant inquiry conceivable. Assuming that natural genius is distributed among the peoples, with a fair degree of impartiality, why does the American people fail to produce artists of the first rank? It was incumbent upon some American Rolland to give us our own, though a negative, Jean Christophe, to exhibit the conditions under which natural genius is thwarted and dissipated. That, essentially, is what Van Wyck Brooks has done in his Ordeal of Mark Twain (E. P. Dutton & Co.), although I am not certain he was trying to do exactly that. Consider, however, the logical forces inviting a writer deeply interested in the problem of art in America to just such an enterprise. Mark Twain was unquestionably endowed with genius by nature. All through his work are scattered unmistakable proofs of titanic power, and the oral tradition reveals a personality far greater than his work. Yet Mark Twain never attained to artistic ripeness. There is hardly a single specimen of his workmanship in which there is no intrusion of the cheap and grotesque. Is it not a fair working theory that the exuberance of invention and exquisiteness of sympathy so often distinguishing his pages were the true Mark Twain, while the imbecilities and grotesqueries were imposed upon him by his American environment? It is a hypothesis that impresses Van Wyck Brooks with the force of self evidence. If it were established as a scientific verity, we should have at least a partial explanation of the failure of American artists to attain to greatness. We enslave them to our vulgar purposes.

But if our artists are slaves, they must be the first to realize it; and did the godlike Clemens go about chafing under his fetters? He did, argues Van Wyck Brooks. Not only was Mark Twain consciously in revolt against a fate that denied him his birthright of pure artistic creativeness and imposed on him the role of humorist—or more correctly, if Van Wyck Brooks could only see it, of funny man—but his unconscious self dwelt in seething rage and utterly corroded at last, revenged itself by infusing into Mark Twain's thought a pessimism that denied the value of all gifts to man except death. That pessimism is Van Wyck Brooks's clue to the problem of Mark Twain's failure. It is a malady of the soul, susceptible to the analysis

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of the "newer psychology." Some powerful force in Mark Twain must have been repressed, to turn inward and lacerate his soul. What was it?

"It is as old as Milton that there are talents which are 'death to hide,' and I suggest that Mark Twain's talent was just so hidden. That bitterness of his was the effect of a certain miscarriage in his creative life, a balked personality, an arrested development of which he was himself almost wholly unaware, but which for him destroyed the meaning of life. The spirit of the artist in him, like the genie at last released from the bottle, overspread in a gloomy vapor the mind it had never been quite able to possess."

The conjecture is bold. It is easy to understand how relatively simple impulses and yearnings, deeply implanted in the life of a man and ineradicable while life endures, may, when repressed, turn back upon themselves and in their distorted growth destroy the integrity of a personality. But the "spirit of the artist"—what is that? Is it a psychological simple to be manipulated mechanically by the psycho-pathologists? We may reserve judgment on the point. Perhaps the "suppressed wish" serves only as a metaphor which helps to marshall the critic's facts under an ordered plan. Even as such the device is justified. Van Wyck Brooks makes a more telling argument than he could have made if he had merely assembled the abundant evidence that Mark Twain was oppressed through much of his life by the feeling that he was wasting his time, working too little, and too often in violation of his own canons of workmanship.

There can be no disputing the fact that Mark Twain's environment was largely responsible for his deviation from what he felt to be the line of artistic duty. The necessity of money-making was his bane. He was driven to it, partly by a sense of the duty of making good first in his mother's eyes, later in the eyes of his wife and of her family and associates, but perhaps above all by his own acceptance of making good financially as a pretty fair standard of personal worth. But making good financially meant meeting the demands of the American public, and that public wanted not art but horseplay. A little art could be slipped in surreptitiously, but only what the traffic would bear, and that was not much. Therefore Mark Twain was continually under the compulsion to do things of which he was ashamed, in his heart, and pathetically grateful to men like Howells who accepted him for more than the face value of his work. He was glad to yield to their judgment, and in the opinion of Van Wyck Brooks, sinned against his own genius in doing so. That may be true. The evidence offered is hardly sufficient to prove the point. But there is no question that Mark Twain felt himself frightfully naked and vulnerable in the world, for all his brave show of king-like independence. That is very American. Why is it that we Americans are so prone to combine a megalomaniac tongue with a shrinking soul, anxious to live up to every standard in sight? Explain that and you will have explained many of our surrenders of personal integrity. Unfortunately Van Wyck Brooks took Mark Twain's humorously megalomaniac utterances for serious expressions of a megalomaniac soul, and, as it seems to me, utterly missed the most promising lead in his mountain of ore. But there were riches enough for his purpose, nevertheless.

Mark Twain yielded himself to his environment, to the prejudice of his best work. So much may be conceded. If he had been more self-dependent and more persistent in working in his own way, what role would he have assumed? Certainly not that of humorist, thinks Van Wyck Brooks. If we had to follow Van Wyck Brooks in confusing Mark Twain's horse play with his humor, we should agree. But there seems to be no reason for believing that Mark Twain did not know the difference between the delicate, tender humor with which he clothes his Eve in the Diary and the coarse stuff he pours over his Adam. The first is an instrument of analysis by which Mark Twain seeks to attain to truth, concrete, living. The second has its end and aim in the laughter of the mob and the clink of dollars. Van Wyck Brooks would have robbed him of both, and turned him into a satirist, whose function was to be the exposure of the rottenness of American institutions. Was not Mark Twain always talking about an autobiography, to be published a century after his death, in which he would tell the whole truth as he saw it, in burning words that would sear the page and blind the reader's eyes? What could that truth be but exposure of our institutions?

There are two questions here: one, whether American institutions were in fact so hopelessly corrupt as Van Wyck Brooks assumes; the other, whether Mark Twain was by temperament fitted to perceive institutional corruption, and perceiving it, to undertake the work of exposure. As to the first, it is worth noting that Karl Marx, whom Van Wyck Brooks would not count among the ultra-conservatives, had no hope that any institutional system would break down before the assaults of its successor until it had unfolded all its potentialities of development. Corruption follows ripeness, and who would maintain that the American institutional system, from 1860 to 1900, was ripe? Van Wyck Brooks points out that the greatest European writers were in revolt against the prevailing system, but the point is irrelevant. America was then, and

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still is, far less mature, economically and institutionally, and Mark Twain was not a borrower of ideas, but one who generated them out of the conditions of his own American life. It was not an ideal life, he recognized. There was plenty of individual arrogance, corruption, cruelty, cowardice. But he accepted America and her institutions as a tremendous improvement on the rest of the world, just as he accepted the nineteenth century as a great improvement on all the centuries that had gone before. Indeed, one of the most remarkable things about Mark Twain is his naive tendency to proselytize for the American idea. He is continually slipping into the assumption that we do things better than the rest of mankind. He would have liked to Americanize the whole world, not only of today but of the centuries gone by. Did he not in imagination Americanize King Arthur's court and the Garden of Eden?

But was Mark Twain sincere in his panegyrics of his country and his time, or were those panegyrics concessions to the taste of a reading public that would have been impatient of a spirit of criticism? Did Mark Twain sell his approval of America, for popularity and cash? Van Wyck Brooks tries to prove this. But it is a treacherous business for a critic devoid of a sense of humor to hold an incorrigible humorist too strictly to account. One instance of how Van Wyck Brooks has let himself be tricked will suffice. Mark Twain, backed by his father-in-law, had bought a part interest in the Buffalo Express, and had made himself associate editor. Thereupon he ran an announcement of which Van Wyck Brooks quotes the following excerpt:

"Being a stranger it would be immodest for me to suddenly and violently assume the associate editorship of the Buffalo Express without a single word of comfort or encouragement to the unoffending patrons of this paper, who are about to be exposed to constant attacks of my wisdom and learning. But the word shall be as brief as possible. I only want to assure parties having a friendly interest in the prosperity of the journal that I am not going to hurt the paper deliberately and intentionally at any time. I am not going to introduce any startling reforms, nor in any way attempt to make trouble. Such is my platform. I do not see any use in it, but custom is law and must be obeyed."

To most of the readers of the Express that announcement no doubt seemed funny; to some it seemed silly. Mark Twain had reckoned with both of those classes, but certainly not with Van Wyck Brooks. "Never, surely, was a creative will more innocently, more painlessly surrendered than in these words; marriage had been, for Mark Twain's artistic conscience, like the final whiff of chloroform sealing a slumber that many a previous whiff had already induced. With that promise to be 'good,' to refrain from hurting parties having a 'friendly interest in the prosperity' of his paper, the artist in Mark Twain had fallen into a final trance: anybody could manipulate him now." Any well trained medium ought to be able to hear the shade of Mark Twain, reciting between sighs and laughter: "If I had a cast iron dog that could read this criticism and preserve his austerity, I would drive him off the door step."

Mark Twain was not in revolt against American institutions; therefore he could not have made of himself a satirist according to Van Wyck Brooks's taste. Mark Twain was essentially a pioneer, with his character formed under pioneer discipline or indiscipline. And on the frontier, institutions do not present a front inviting the shafts of satire. Life is a matter of direct fatalistic relations of man with nature, of relations between men based upon personal consent. And out of such an environment the most impressive lessons concern the nature of the human material. In any pioneer community, how prompt is the classification of men as "all right" or "no good." Even among those who are "all right," about every one promptly exhibits some flaw in his material. It is one of the chief functions of pioneer humor to forestall the discovery of flaws by confession, to impose the disclosure of them upon men who refuse to lay all their dog-eared cards on the table. The frontier insisted on the disagreeable truth, but was willing to ease the strain by humor. And there is so much disagreeable truth to be exposed, under the circumstances, that the tone of pioneer life tends to become pessimistic. Mark Twain was not exhibiting any originality in his formula, "There is no hope for the damned race." It was current on the Western prairies thirty-five years ago; you still hear it occasionally.

To "buck up" the individual man, by showing him the truth about himself; was not that what Mark Twain really wanted to do, instead of offering pleasant entertainment for man and beast? The truth that would sear the page, what was it but the truth about himself, as a specimen of the contemptible species, man?

The malady of Mark Twain was no doubt in part a sense of inferior workmanship foisted upon a public that knew no better. But it was more than that. It drew from the general mood of his generation, a generation that pursued remorselessly the end of material success, to find it meaningless when old age tamed the spirit and threw a veil of frost

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over the illusions, a generation that exhibited, as no other has done, the defective character of the human material bent to purposes for which the ages had not adapted it. Mark Twain, without knowing it, was a tragic figure in an army of tragic figures who, like him, imagined themselves the fortunate ones of the earth, and thereby proved to themselves, that life upon the earth was not worth while.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

Lectures

EVERY seeker after culture should reflect on the number of public lectures he might have time for per year if he got up just half an hour earlier every day. The prospect will healthily appal him. And yet there is something very delightful in the thought of taking culture a spoonful at a time. Think of ultimately reaching that brimful condition which requires not another dip; of attaining the condition in which one never needed to listen to another public lecture on any subject.

We in America are particularly susceptible to the lure of the lecture. Academic circles, women's clubs, are by no means the only media for the successful cultivation of the germ. Business men are more susceptible than almost any others. One huge automobile organization last year required its executives all over the country to attend a series of lectures on the general subject (I think) of the psychology of carburetors. The rule of the business man is as a rule, however, to disguise his lecture as an after-dinner speech. He goes to "banquets," and sitting among the remnants of the feast hearkens for hours to the gentleman who discusses the duties of the day and the hopes of the future. I am tempted to digress upon banquets. I know men who before the war made a practice of attending them—sometimes two and three in a week; and from no Bacchic longings, but with a sense of something accomplished, something done, that earns a night's repose. I have myself attended them—associations of commerce, coal-traders associations, Arkansas Societies, (you must have left Arkansas to be eligible) Mayflower Descendants, what not. I have spoken at them, and hereby announce my candidacy to speak again. But why are banquets? The food is always poor, the cost great, the result melancholy. Still, this is a digression. Banquet lecturers generally take the final step; brave fellows, they have their addresses printed, in pamphlet form, and circulated among those not present. It is plucky, but it seems unfair, somehow. My mail is lonely without the reprint of the remarks of the head of the Paper-Board Manufacturers Association, delivered at Utica, New York, at the meeting of the Concrete Dealers. I read it with attention, but it does not seem to me to have quite the flair of the prospectuses of the Oklahoma Marble Mining Company and the Orangeville Calamity Real-Estate Association (profit-sharing) which I also find in my box. Sometimes I suspect that the gentlemen whose names are signed to these addresses, and who delivered them, must have written them themselves; the English is so very queer.

Such banquet lecturers, however, are not those whom I now have in mind; nor the other sort of banquet lecturers, who make a profession of entertaining over the coffee-cups. I have heard them too. Fred Stone seems to me better, and the Reverend Mr. Sunday cheaper; but if people like that sort of thing, why, that is the sort of thing they like. I am referring now to real lecturers, who stand on a platform; that is their distinctive feature.

Of these there are several classes. There are first those who depend upon their ability to do something else. A lecture by Battling Nelson, or John Drew, or Vice-President Marshall, would always be widely attended. Years ago the Battler honestly earned the best and biggest pair of cauliflower ears in America; John Drew can act; and Mr. Marshall holds the record in vice-presidencies, having got two. I have never heard any of these three lecture, but I would gladly listen to any of them, and others are like me. We pay them the compliment of knowing who they are. What they say, of course, is unimportant. After the lecture we go out and tell our friends. "Well, you missed it." "What did he talk about?" "Oh, I don't know; but he looks just like his pictures." And our friends are satisfactorily mortified at having overlooked a lecture. This sort of lecturer is, I think, on the whole most worthy of his hire. To see an elephant is something; but to observe him kick a football is really worth while. What difference does it make if a hundred in the audience could kick it straighter? They are not elephants.

Another sort of lecturer is not a lecturer at all, but an entertainer. His object is to pass the time. He deals in anecdotes, reminiscences, half-truths, turns of phrase, tricks of delivery. He is, of course, as an artist, at the opposite pole from the first sort, who may be called (with all deference) the freak. Sometimes the artist, by long practice before his public, or by other means, becomes the freak—that is (do not misunderstand me) becomes so well-known that people wish to see him for what he is, as well as to hear him for what he says. Such a lecturer was Josh Billings.

But the most common variety of lecturer is he

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(or she) who offers what it would be invidious not to call information upon some particular subject—literature, or sociology, or popular science, or any one of a hundred others. Psychology is very much in demand at present; conservation of national resources is a good lay; the war offers an almost endless field. These lecturers frequently know something of their subjects; sometimes they are really authorities. It is, speaking broadly, all one to the audience. The question is not what do they know, but how agreeably can they present it? And well aware of this, the lecturers as a rule conceal nearly all of what they know, if they happen to know a good deal, and present the obvious, in, if possible, a pleasantly ornamented fashion. Pictures are a great help; moving pictures may be said to guarantee success. But without the crutch of the camera, many still achieve a sort of limping success. They calculate how much their audience is likely to know; select an idea just fresh enough to be partly within, partly without, the penumbra of its collective intelligence; and by gradually shifting its orbit a very little, give the impression of having actually turned on fresh light. That any standard volume upon their subject, purchasable for the price of a ticket or by the labor of an hour, would give tenfold more information than the lecture offers, they know and will freely admit; but what of it? If the audience will not read, and will listen, surely that is not their fault. F. A. M. E.—"fifty and my expenses"—was the old slogan. Prices have gone up now, with the high cost of living; Emerson could get five hundred a night, easily. He would be worth it; if not all his successors who get it are worth it, that is due to the great truth which P. T. Barnum enunciates.

In the days of Emerson, lecturers were often the only means by which thought *could* be communicated. Books were hard to get; there was no such sea of special information as that which now any one who chooses may embark upon. But do any lecturers nowadays ever offer anything which is not more easily and thoroughly learned through books? I should say no. To hear a thing once is to remember almost nothing of it. Any teacher knows that only by almost endless repetition, and repetition backed by required reading, can he enforce his point. Plow a field once, and you can sow; but minds are tougher soil. Books tend, at least, to stimulate thought; lectures tend to deaden it; and any lecturer, over a pipe, will tell you the same. But not over a tea-cup. It is the ladies, God bless them, who are our final target, and he would be a short-sighted poultry-fancier who would kill the goose that laid the golden egg.

JAMES WEBER LINN.

The Bandwagon

At San Francisco

MR. PALMER PROPHESIES.

Immediately after the recess was taken Attorney General Palmer remarked:

"At 1 o'clock this morning I said that McAdoo was out of the race. I now say that Cox will not be nominated. Either I or a dark horse will be chosen."—*New York Times.*

REPUBLICS ARE TRADITIONALLY UNGRATEFUL.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 5.—James W. Gerard, former Ambassador to Germany, a candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination, said to a friend here today:

"It strikes me as a strange thing that the men who came out of the war have had no recognition from either of the big American parties."

"What do you mean?" the friend asked.

"Well, for example," said Mr. Gerard, "take Mr. Hoover, General Pershing and myself. All have been candidates for the nomination for the Presidency before one party or the other, or both, and none of us got anywhere."—*Special to the New York World.*

WHY DO YOU?

"If you can't get alcohol enough to make you drunk, why do you want alcohol at all?" cried Bryan.—*New York Times.*

A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 1.—Having carefully prepared a speech seconding the nomination of A. Mitchell Palmer, Mrs. Guilford Dudley, of Tennessee, according to the Palmer headquarters, found that she was eliminated by the fact that only three seconding speeches are permitted. So she asked if the Palmer people would object if she made the speech for Ambassador John W. Davis.

No objection being made, she delivered the speech, substituting the name of Davis where she had originally written Palmer.—*Special to the New York World.*

YOU'D NEVER GUESS WHO.

Mr. J. H. Bigelow places a candidate before the convention: "Your candidate must be more than the mere mouthpiece of your policies. He must be the embodiment of your freedom and the exemplar of your liberties. . . . Behind him I see a solid phalanx of true Americanism that knows no divided allegiance. I see the humble citizens who worship their Government. I see the worthy sons of those noble sires that sleep in a hundred battlefields hallowed by their blood. I see the grim determination that pervades them as they resolve that this nation shall not perish. I see them following a shining helmet emblazoned with the light of liberty and adorned by the oriflamme of right. A new Navarre is upon the field. His lance is that of law; his shield is that of Justice; and democracy again triumphs, led and inspired by Pennsylvania's noblest product, whom I now name for the Presidency of these United States—A. Mitchell Palmer."

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Gordon Craig—Advancing

The Theatre—Advancing, by Edward Gordon Craig. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

THEY were short-sighted spear bearers in the new movement in the theatre who thought that with impunity they could plunge their weapons indiscriminately into the body of the old theatre and win the praise of their master. They forgot, as statesmen have forgotten these latter months, that an outsider can not take sides in a family quarrel, be it domestic or national or aesthetic, without uniting the family to repel the invader. You must marry into the family before your tongue is licensed.

Up and down the little theatres and the lyceums for several years the opponents of the elder stage craft have conducted their guerilla warfare, with no one to single out the expert from the inept, the legitimate members of the family from the pretenders. The majority of these franc-tireurs have used the name of Edward Gordon Craig as their superior officer without arousing deserved repudiation, but the master has spoken at last with a decisiveness doubled by delay.

In his new volume of collected essays and dialogues and fantasies, The Theatre—Advancing, a long-promised successor to On the Art of the Theatre, Gordon Craig returns to his attack on the present theatre and to his quest for a new, but he has taken time by the way to test his professed followers and find who is fitted to go to the front line with him. On Learning Magic is the title of the test, and with scorn he asks the Pupil of the dialogue: "Do you really believe you are so gifted a person that you can afford to skip the experience of saying, 'My lord, the carriage waits'?" And further:

"I have planned out a new stage, certainly; but not because I despised or hated the old stage—because I love it, and lived near it many years. And though I may wish to create a new stage, I know the old one; and to know is to love, even if one does not agree with it . . . You say you want to come to my school. I tell you you had better keep away unless you realize that you have firstly *no right* to despise the old stage, and secondly *no chance* of practising the new art until you have paid the very humblest tribute to the old institution, by studying all those things which at present you dare to despise . . . Here with me you learn first to love the old theatre. I hand on to you what my old master taught me, and I tell you where I think he may have erred, but I do not want your understanding to become thick and muddy by drunkenly jeering at his errors. The 'errors' were far better than all your 'virtues'."

Craig has travelled far and clarified his thought and expression on other roads where he is seeking the theatre of the future. He himself has advanced in pursuit of the theatre advancing. He still carries with him strange impedimenta which retard his gait. He still contradicts himself with unabashed abandon. He still wanders too far or too soon, it may be, down engaging by-paths such as masks or marionettes. But as artist, as philosopher and as controversialist of the theatre he is more fit and formidable than ever.

It is a bitter and ironic comment on our theatre and our civilization that the gifted son of Ellen Terry has been compelled as artist of the theatre to hold in abeyance his creative powers and as philosopher to devote his energies largely to the propagation of a clearer conception of the theatre as art. To those of us who have known him in life and in exhibition, Craig as artist is the real Craig, the most natural, the most expressive, the most vivid side of the man. His new book reveals him as artist only indirectly or by flashes of comprehension expressed in simple and beautiful language such as only an artist can command in confessing his art. Such rare moments are those in the House of the Vettii and in the Tragic Theatre at Pompeii or the meeting with Salvini, avowals of a master-novice in the presence of a greater master.

The Theatre—Advancing is more eloquent of the development of its author as philosopher and controversialist. He himself sees more clearly and he propounds more explicitly the problem of the theatre and the nature of the theatre as art. Gradually he is rising above the petty personal vindictiveness which marred some of his earlier Imaginary Conversations. The present volume reveals this change and the range of it, for the fragments dated about 1908 are often spiteful, while those composed in recent years, even though controversial, are tolerant and marked by greater poise.

For the first time, Craig ventures to predict the nature of his theatre of the future. Heretofore, it has been a dim and distant thing, alluring but vague, the negation of the theatre of the present, partly a recreation of a lost theatre, partly the discovery of a new. Now, however, this theatre of the future emerges more distinctly and in dual guise. There shall be a Durable Theatre and a Perishable Theatre, both the work of artists and both far remote from the existing theatre. The Durable Theatre shall be religious, perhaps, in content. The architecture of the building which houses it shall tend toward a form as inevitable and as natural as that of the cathedral or the ship, with equal variety of detail within that form. Reality shall not be represented but symbolized. Why may there not be a precious symbol of a tree or a house or a bridge as there is of the cross in the cathedral? And lastly, the actors shall be . . .? Ueber-marionettes, yes; only Craig is not so sure that this is the only goal, for he has heard of a race of actors in India whose austere self-discipline has purged them of the personal and fallible aspects of the actor as the western world knows him.

Side by side with this Durable Theatre, Craig now proposes a Perishable Theatre, born of the clowns in the circus—a theatre with spontaneous, improvized plays on light subjects which no one would mind losing. The plays themselves as well as their investiture might be fragile and elusive or comically crude, but never heavy with effort, always the evanescent foam of wit and fancy.

On the road toward these two theatres, Craig points the way for a clarification of functions in our present theatre. "If I have mocked at it I tell you I love it, and my mockery amounts to no more than a jerk at the reins which my old horse Minnie understands to mean, 'Hurry up, or the donkey-carts will be passing us!'" Our present theatre he sees compounded of these contrary elements: 1. On the poet's part, an unnatural mode of speech—verse or prose; 2. On the actor's part, a natural, even colloquial mode of utterance; 3. Scenes imitating nature in paint and canvas; 4. Actors of flesh and blood; 5. Movements half natural, half artificial; 6. Light always failing in an attempt to simulate nature's light; 7. The faces painted and disguised; 8. The facial expression always attempting to come through the paint and disguise.

These contradictory elements he rearranges in two cognate series, approximating the two theatres of his goal. His first grouping, a kind of working basis for the Durable Theatre, results thus: 1. The poet's work to be as

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it is—an unnatural mode of speech, or verse; 2. The actor's work to be an unnatural mode of delivery; 3. The scene to be a non-natural invention, timeless and of no locality; 4. Actors to be disguised beyond recognition, like the marionette; 5. Movements conventionalized according to some system; 6. Light frankly non-natural, disposed so as to illumine scene and actors; 7. Masks; 8. Expression to be dependent on the masks and the conventional movements, both of which are dependent on the skill of the actor.

By another grouping, a different harmony is reached: 1. The poet's work to be written in a colloquial mode of speech, natural—as improvisation is; 2. The actor's delivery to be colloquial; 3. The scene to be a facsimile or photographic reproduction of nature, even to the use of real trees, real earth, bricks, etc.; 4. The actors in no way disguised, but selected according to their likeness to the part which is to be acted; 5. Movements as natural as the speech; 6. The light of day or night; 7. The faces of the actors paintless; 8. The expression as natural as the movements and speech.

Here, then, is a theatre logical and consistent, not so far from our present power to conceive and construct. It has nothing to do with the ideally conceived Durable Theatre; it is not yet even the ideal of the Perishable Theatre. But it has the value of a practical suggestion for working toward both from the material at hand in the present theatre.

The actual path toward the accomplishment of Craig's dreams is still discouragingly vague. "What is the next step toward realization?" he asks, and then proceeds: "I am ready to tell two kinds of people the answer: princes or millionaires; for the artists already know, and except for these three who else does it concern until it is accomplished?"

On the contrary, by good or ill fortune, the solution of the problem concerns someone far different. In the nature of our time the princes of today are too busy resigning or plotting to retain or regain their thrones to bother about art. And the millionaires of the earth, likewise, haunted by communism and the capital levy, are engaged with something more personal and concrete than the Theatre of the Future. To the public, to the public as mass-conscious of its desires and its rights, to the public as proletariat, it may be, Craig must turn for the impulse and the impetus toward his new theatre. Let him not be discouraged that the traditional friends of his art have abandoned him. Instead, let him face with the same calm, determined vision which has brought him thus far on his way, the new obligations and the new opportunities. The public for whom he ultimately intends his theatre must build it themselves. To comprehend this fact and to act upon it is the next step for the Theatre and for Gordon Craig—Advancing.

OLIVER M. SAYLER.

La Belle France

A History of France from the earliest times to the Treaty of Versailles, by William Stearns Davis, Ph. D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

SHORTLY after the United States declared war against Germany, the department of history in the University of Minnesota, of which I was then a member, met to discuss the question, "What can we do?" We were only professors, but the world was still young, and we wanted to do something to beat the Hun and make the world safe for democracy. Professor William Stearns Davis was present, and I recall his saying, apropos of the things that we could do, that someone ought to write a book showing "what France has done for liberty"; and as he said it I fancied that he looked pointedly at me. I must have made some cynical remark or other, to the effect that France had imposed more liberty on others than she had ever fairly won for herself. This was, of course, no proper spirit for the work mentioned, and I never thought of the incident again until one day the New Republic sent me Davis's completed History of France. This, I said, must be the record of what France has done for liberty. Consulting the preface, I found that the book was "originally intended for men of the American army who naturally would desire to know something of the great French nation on whose soil they expected to do battle for liberty"; and that after the armistice had "vitiated this purpose . . . . the volume was continued . . . . to assist in making intelligent Americans in general acquainted with the history of a country with which we have established an ever deepening friendship."

The author professes no first hand knowledge of the subject, but frankly and honorably admits having made extensive use of Rambaud's Histoire de la civilisation française and Malet's Histoire de France, which, in respect to the latter, "in some cases almost amounts to a free translation." In judging the book, therefore, from the point of view of exact scholarship, the humane critic will remember that Professor Davis has, as it were, thrown himself into the breach because no one else had the courage; he has done a work belonging properly to some one else.

The book is far from being a panegyric on the French people. What impresses me, indeed, is that a better case should not have been made out for the "great French nation." Apart from the last chapters, which relate the events of 1914 and after, the manner is in large part perfunctory, as of one who, with the best will in the world, finds it difficult to take the subject very seriously. Perhaps one reason for this is that the neat political and moral principles by which Professor Davis thinks it necessary to judge men and events are so restricted and inelastic that few men and few events can ever hope to win more than a qualified approval. No defender of "autocracy," he nevertheless has a fine contempt for "radicals"; a believer in liberty and progress, he has a lively sense of the virtue of "law and order"; at once a liberal conservative and a conservative liberal, he feels that a nation lays itself open to just reproach whenever it grows restive under the control of respectable people of sound morals, moderate views, and comfortable incomes. One must admit that France is a great nation, and that she has played a great part in European history; but one cannot help thinking how much greater she might have been, and how much safer her influence, had she never been encumbered with nobles or a proletariat.

I suspect that Professor Davis admires the French because they helped to defeat Germany rather than in and for themselves. Apart from the Great War, I cannot think he would ever have occupied himself with the history of a people who have so rarely demeaned themselves altogether as one could wish. For the truth is that La Belle France, the jade, has more often than not been highly unconventional in her conduct. She has shown no great inclination to dwell contentedly in an eight-to-twelve-room-house—with bath. When she could not have a palace, she was likely to prefer the gutter. She has been alter-

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nately capable of the highest exaltation and the deepest degradation; and never was this so much the case as when she did most for liberty. Never was she guilty of such deplorable excesses, of such shocking pranks, of conduct so unbecoming a lady, as during the years from 1789 to 1795. This period in her career constitutes in fact a breach of decorum so marked that nothing less than the Great War and the Peace of Versailles was required to enable the best people to overlook it.

Still, how one could wish that the French had managed their great Revolution, unquestionably the most important event of modern times, with greater moderation! How much more luminously it would, in that case, have pointed the moral of the Russian Revolution! And our regret is all the greater since they began well enough. The first two years witnessed the abolition of the most flagrant abuses of the "rotten old regime"; and the deputies of the National Assembly made a most commendable attempt, considering their inexperience and the visionary theories with which their heads were filled, to establish a moderately liberal constitutional regime. Even the Declaration of Rights was "far from being a radical document. It expressed the moderate good sense of the bourgeoisie. [How is it that the good sense of the bourgeoisie is so often 'moderate'?] Article XVII expressly said, 'Property is an inviolable and sacred right'." What could be better? "Ultra-radicals could hardly accept this doctrine today"; so that "few genuine Americans will quarrel with" the main principles of the Declaration, "although couched in terms instantly remniscent of Rousseau and Montesquieu." No harm in using the phrases of Rousseau, so given to French *emphase,* if we carefully discard the substance. Yes, the first years of the Revolution leave little to be desired. But the lower classes were "already almost unmanageable"; and if the "court and noblesse failed to give the Revolution an honest support, the bourgeois" [bourgeoisie, n'est-ce-pas?] the bourgeoisie, that is to say "the solid intelligence of the nation which was anxious for sane and enduring reforms and was equally anxious to fend off anarchy," might not find itself able "to control the situation and every chance would be given to the extremists."

This is of course what happened. This is indeed what comes of having a proletariat. The people got control. The Jacobin Club, originally a "legitimate debating society," by 1791 "had become the center of all the radicalism of the capital." [What! these timid, respectable bourgeois jacobins, who supported the Constitution of 1791 until August 19, 1792, and even then would not speak the frightful word Republic?] Well, at all events, the Jacobin Club soon came to have a great influence on the "unwashed masses," and so became "the center of the propaganda of the extreme Rousseau doctrines, with the genuine propagandist's [read Lenin, but not National Security League] corollary, that since the doctrines are true, all means were lawful in giving them effect." From this point the way is clear; for in relating the French Revolution it is understood that the mention of the Jacobin Club is the cue for the appearance of Marat, Danton, and Robespierre; and then all is lost, even honor. There is nothing to do but to go through with it—anarchy, atheism, massacre—as best one can.

Professor Davis goes through with it, heroically. He goes through with it, and he even finds something to be said in defense of the Convention and the Committee of Public Safety. "This awful body can plead at least one great merit—it saved France." It saved France, from what? Well, chiefly from Germany, but also apparently from "the order-loving English . . . horrified at the steady trend of the tidings from across the channel." It must also have saved France from its own diabolism, since it created the army, and in the army "the spirit of a great ideal, the ideal of a world emancipated from slavery and dedicated to liberty, fraternity, and human happiness, was animating the youth of France to fight and suffer on the frontier." But above and beyond all this, what is particularly to be kept in mind is that the jacobins, bad as they were, were not anything like as bad as the Bolsheviks. "Comparisons of Revolutionary France with Revolutionary Russia will leave modern students very lenient in their judgments on Frenchmen of 1789-95." Louis XVI "was executed with far more attention to the outward forms of justice than the unfortunate Nicholas II." The Jacobins "seem, however, men of much greater physical courage than the doctrinaires who cringed before Germany in 1918." The French peasants "were to prove far more practical and intelligent than the Russian soviets, Bolshevists, and mujiks." These sly hints will enable even the most obtuse reader to know what he ought to think; and no doubt much more could be said on the same theme, if one had a mind to it.

Professor Davis's history of France will, I think, be widely read. It will be popular, it will be found interesting. And it is interesting, in more ways than one. With histories, that is after all the main thing; for Voltaire was not far from wrong when he said that "history is only a pack of tricks which we play on the dead."

C. B.

The New Social Order

The New Social Order, by Harry F. Ward. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THE way of the professor of Christian ethics, like that of the transgressor, is hard. If he insists that Christ's rule of gentleness, generosity and mercy should be strictly applied in worldly affairs, he is immediately accused by practical persons of being "all right as a theorist, but lacking in common sense." If he, then, turns on his critics and asks them to reform their religion so that it will square with their conduct, he is promptly attacked as a pagan, perhaps worse. This was the experience of John Ruskin and it rested heavily on his soul until his dying day.

Undaunted by such difficulties, Dr. Harry F. Ward, professor of Christian Ethics in Union Theological Seminary, now boldly essays the ethics of the coming order. The Great War has ushered in a new day. Old institutions have been smashed and primitive passions unloosed. The knowledge, temper, and purpose of the common people of the world have been given a new direction. No ruling class can ever again sit unchallenged and unafraid in the seats of the mighty. A capitalist and imperialist oligarchy may, for a while, dominate in the councils of the nations, but it trembles with uncertainty and its ways are uneasy. These things, our author holds, are so real that even Gradgrind and Chadband will not regard them as the vain imaginings of a cloistered Christian.

In attempting to divine the future Dr. Ward lays down five principles for guidance. The first of these is equality, not that of the boastful bourgeois measuring himself against

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the perfumed marquis, rather the equality of worthy citizens, marred by no gross disparities of slum and mansion, but generous and avowed, resting upon a foundation no less secure than that of honorable and useful labor in the common weal. This equality will prevail not merely at the polls but in the courts of law, the places of industry, and the councils of the state. The second principle is that of universal service founded on the fellowship of the faith and the mutual aid of nature. The third is efficiency, not the cold-blooded calculation of the counting-house applied to the labor of a single shop, but social engineering, detached from the gain of individuals and corporations and brought into the service of national production. The fourth is the supremacy of personality—the recognition of the worth of the individual, his moral right to material and spiritual freedom—emancipated from any dead level of community mediocrity, the withering hand of dull conformity. The fifth is world solidarity, mastering the decisive forces of race and class, so far as this can be done, by removing the divided interest in ownership that now creates and maintains them.

In the realization of these principles, he believes, science and religion will make common cause. Science bends fine capacities to special tasks, religion draws them all into the service of the general good. Both transcend the boundaries of the common, the local, and the temporal. The true man of science could no more think of limiting his vision to the laboratory of a glue factory than a true Christian missionary could rest content serving in the private chapel of a world's greatest pork magnate. In biology and cosmography the two may be divided but in the realm of the spirit, where all great hopes are born and all magnificent enterprises are conceived, there may be a harmony of which the professional reconcilers have never dreamed.

Having laid down the principles of the new order, Dr. Ward brings under review the programs of the age—the plans of the British Labor party, the Russian Soviet Republic, the League of Nations, the Socialists, the Farmers, organized labor in the United States and the modern churches. These written documents, brought together from many countries and representing parties widely divergent in professed aims and underlying motives, seem, at first glance, to be a mosaic, forced together by the strong hand of a master workman, but in truth they reveal, on careful examination, a drift and tendency which no student of ethics can well ignore. Lenin and the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church! American Catholics and Russian Jews! Nazareth and London! Gethsemane and the wheat fields of North Dakota! Carlyle did suspect that the fire gleaming on the forge and the light of the distant star—the beating heart and the beating tide—were all of one scheme. Maitland tells us that English law is a part of all law, of a seamless web.

To come down, Dr. Ward has rendered a real service in bringing together in compact form so many expressions of the new spirit. He knows that they are signs rather than realities, but it is a poor skipper who cares not which way the veering flaw blows. Christians and pagans will do well to ponder them. Many a layman will be surprised to find what his bishop thinks of the modern social process. Many a bishop will be astounded to discover what obscure laymen, boasting of no hands laid on, of no apocalyptic visions, have beheld in their dreams. It is good for brethren to dwell together in unity, even for a little while, in the pages of a book.

CHARLES A. BEARD.

The Swing of the Pendulum, by Adriana Spadoni. New York: Boni and Liveright.

THERE is to be eaten, particularly in New England, a disheartening kind of meal: a flock of small dishes, the contents of which are distinguishable one from another by name rather than taste—the brood of one all-creating pot, wherein are successively stewed onion, beef, turnip and veal. Such a pot withholds from each food a part of its individuality and hands it on to dilute the personality of the next, to confuse mild veal with pungent onion, and so sets up a single standard of gray nourishment, a common denominator of mere calories. Just as mercilessly does Miss Spadoni's imagination operate, sending forth into a real, three-dimensioned world a troop of pale characters cursed with congenital indistinctness, doomed from birth to wander unrecognizably in the fog of a common origin.

Consider briefly the cast, of vaguely human, blurred figures, of low visibility, like forms crouching at dusk on a bed covered with mosquito netting. For example, our leading lady, Jean Norris; "a big, fair woman, not obviously pretty." When she meets our first hero, Franklin Herrick, she has "a strange impression of receiving a very distinct picture of something naturally indistinct." And so hits off, accidentally, a quite accurate description of the Swing of the Pendulum as a whole. For Miss Spadoni reminds one of a Swiss guide persuasively adjusting a myopic telescope to the tourist's eye, which, aimed presumably at the rare lacework of distant peaks, sees only a dim blue circle, bulging into opalescent rings. Through such a telescope Jean peered hopefully at Herrick, only to learn that "there was something large and curved and whitish about this tall man that made her think of big gulls," that ". . . there was something burning below the flesh that whitened and sharpened him." This tendency to the albino about Herrick extends even to his vision, for he calls Jean "you wonderful big white woman" and thinks of her as "a white prairie fire." But in spite of such adoration Jean leaves him.

Jean, now well over thirty, edges toward the sunset of her life as a heroine. Next male. The albino tinge reddens in the soft haze that attends the sunset: Gregory Allen is a "tall man, about forty, with thick dry brown hair, full of reddish lights, and red-brown eyes." But he fades, for he refuses to give Jean the child she desires by him—and does so quite properly, since he is married. Wanted, a hero, a real flesh-and-blood hero, compounded of strength and silence, if necessary, but at all odds alive, throbbing, crudely visible, not like a composite photograph of the all-American hero-team. For this role Philip Fletcher will obviously not qualify, and Jean quite properly rejects him, for though "his eyes were clear, blue and kind, a trifle too far apart, . . . his mouth was weak." He too fades, into the limbo, the jungle, where by now we are sure Miss Spadoni has numberless pale male ghosts in leash. And Jerome Stuart emerges, making his most definite appearance as "a quiet man with stooping student shoulders and thick gray hair." Jean and he stand a moment in embrace on the last page of the book, then vanish over the brink into probable bliss.

R. L.

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